MESSAGES OF MUTUALITY

WILL CHRISTIANITY SURVIVE?

BY

HENRY A. BOMBERGER

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WILL CHRISTIANITY SURVIVE ?

By HENRY A. BOMBERGER

Author of "Christianity and Internationalism,"
"The Top-Notch of History," "Awake, and Away to Olivet,"
"Without a Divine Christ," "An American Sunday,"
"National Preparedness,"
And Other Messages of Mutuality

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves
His fellow men."

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

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A

MESSAGE OF MUTUALITY

Affectionately Inscribed

TO

THE SUSPICIOUS

By

A Fellow Wanderer

In

The Tumultuous Wilderness

Of

A Mendacious Materialism

APOLOGY

THE author did not originate the question of the title: "Will Christianity Survive?" He merely quotes it.

For he himself would as soon think of asking, Will the ocean run dry? as he watches the rising tide rush up the narrow, slimy sides of some tide-water creek; or, Will the sun be utterly consumed by the Gila Monster lounging in its fervent rays?

The only proper question would be this: How long will the slime-sided creek withstand the washing of that flood, or the venomous reptile possibly survive and prosper on that grace?

When the seas cease their surging, and the myriad stars resign their shining, and the planets stop their circling, and the music of the spheres is hushed, and God is dead, then and not till then will the epitaph of Truth be written, and Christianity be laid away in the unmarked tomb of eternal oblivion.

Meanwhile: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentence."

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WILL CHRISTIANITY SURVIVE?

THE WORD IN THE WILDERNESS

ACROSS the silences of nearly four millenniums, their tumults past, their forgotten paths of glory leading to a legion of obliterated graves, their pomp and power pulverized under the relentless chariot-wheels of time, their boast of heraldry, all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, their poverty, passion and pain, their inhumanity to man and infidelity to God—through all these fateful centuries of vanity and vice, this Gospel comes to men today, a flash of heavenly light in a dark sky, a revelation of the eternal Majesty that rules the stormy winds of mortal strife, and manages the raging seas of riotous rebellion:

> *"As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."*

And God still reigns; the cross still stands!

Man falters and falls, his kingdoms come and collapse, his nations vaunt themselves and vanish, the statesman speaks his pompous piece and passes out—but Truth is eternal. Peoples perish, but principles persist. Clouds may hide his face for a season, but they cannot touch the Sun himself, nor

stop his shining, nor stay his course in the heavens, nor essentially affect his influence either in duration or degree.

Love never faileth; God is love.

Life prevails; God is life.

Light is immortal; God is light.

And the God of love and life and light has revealed Himself to men in the person of Jesus Christ His Son, whose kingdom is an *everlasting* kingdom—"of HIS government and peace there shall be no end."

Prophecies shall fail, however positive and pretentious.

Tongues shall cease, however brilliant and voluble.

Knowledge shall vanish away, however ostentatious and dogmatic.

But the faith of God abideth. The hope that is in Him is sure and steadfast. His love is without variableness or shadow of turning. And the greatest of these is love—which, of necessity, is perfectly just; for perfect love could not be imperfectly just.

Christianity is love's offspring and propaganda. It is the very soul and substance of life and liberty, integrity and justice. It is a light that shineth in a dark place until the day dawn and the Daystar arise in the hearts of the redeemed.

Perish it cannot. Survive it must. For it is inherently triumphant.

When demented men have succeeded in crushing sunshine with their bloodstained, bauble battle-

axes, when they have crucified the Pleiades on a tinselled cross of childish fancy, and have brought in captive all the planets in their turn, with swagger and strut; when they have caught up "the seven seas" in their brazen helmets, and have consumed all the air there is with their pompous inhalations, and have made the Lord's eternal throne the footstool of their fret and folly; then will Truth be vanquished, and the cause of Jesus Christ be turned to dust and ashes.

Meanwhile let them shoot the silly arrows of their wild delirium and passionate pursuit of self-aggrandizement, into the face of the coming storm of justice and judgment; they cannot halt its progress for an instant, nor divert it even a little from its own essential course.

Above all the Babel of their prattling tongues, the boasting tumult of the builders, the conflict of their vain conceits, the noise of sanguinary battle, the shouts of the victor and the cries of the victim, the surging tides of human strife and competition, the crash of empires and the wrecks of time, God still reigns, the kingdom of His Son prevails. And this is what He says to the offspring of His grace, in the still small voice of infinite wisdom and Divine compassion:

"Fear not, little flock,
For it is your Father's good pleasure
To give you
The kingdom."

But the occasion harks back some thirty centuries or more, to a time when the hosts of redeemed Israel were encamped in the southern borderland of Canaan, on an historic spot called Kadesh-barnea. With a mighty hand, by signs and wonders, Jehovah had led them from the cruel and humiliating bondage of the Egyptian to the outer boundary of the fulfillment of a gracious promise and the realization of a glorious hope. From his tent doorway the Jew at last could look out and beyond upon the "sweet fields dressed in living green" concerning which God had said to Abraham, eight hundred years before, "Unto thy seed will I give this land."

The fact, however, that Israel halted on this inspiring vantage ground, though led by "the pillar" of a considerate Providence, instead of pressing on to the conquest in accelerated marches, seems to indicate, clearly enough, the first falterings of that triumphant *faith* which is everywhere and always essential to the attainment of the promised inheritance. For without such faith "it is impossible to please him" who is the Captain of the host of Israel—or to please any one else as a matter of fact, or for a man to satisfy the deepest solicitations of his own immortal soul.

Through all the long years of sojourn in an alien clime under an intolerable oppression, and then across the sea of Exodus, and by way of Sinai to their present station, these Israelitish multitudes had looked forward with yearning desire to what

was now immediately before them. By it their spirit had been stirred with the keenest expectation.

Yet doubtingly they stopped and staggered at the very threshold of their long-sought home, on the very eve of the successful consummation of their hopeful plans, and consequently gathered to their hearts instead despairing grief, when they might have added to their personal and national assets the realization of the highest aspirations mortal man could cherish.

Backed by memories of Providential interposition unprecedented in the experience of any nation, beckoned by the alluring prospect of unparalleled possessions—"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" under the banner of God—they nevertheless had hesitated, had set up an inquisition before which they brought in the purposes and assurances of Jehovah, and finally concluded that it would be best to put faith under bond and "play safe"—their Lord still pleading but never preventing their freedom of will and action, for *He only makes men free.* "If you insist on putting the deadly detectives of reaction on my track," He seemed to say, "if you prefer suspicion to respect for me and mine, spy on —but know thou, that for all these things thou shalt receive a just recompense of reward, the wages of sedition, fairly earned and fully paid."

So they had selected spies, and had sent them up into the land of promise, with considerable display, ostensibly to ascertain the truth (all they ascertained was terror and treason), to make a searching, "scientific" investigation of the "facts" before

they moved forward to possess it, to make sure that Jehovah knew what He was talking about. Having been unwilling to take Him at His Word—having presumptuously questioned His competency, His wisdom, His veracity and grace—they appointed this commission of suspicion to spy out the land and render a formal, itemized report in due course. Alas, they "meant business"!—and "there is no sentiment in business," not a bit—nor in a bleached bone.

For every day those spies spent on that errand of distrust that people was thrown back a year, thrown back into the wilderness of retribution, to languish, and to learn that *"the just shall live by faith" and not by infidelity, by loyalty and not by sedition, by Mutuality and not by Schism, by partnership and not by competition.*

And it may be noted at once that quite naturally the investigation commission split on the issue; for *Schism and Skepticism are one and inseparable,* the quintessence of sin, the source and substance of disaster, the one and only thing from which the human race has suffered. There is and can be no agreement between the temple of Godly fidelity and the idols of factitious inquisition. Each commissioner found what he was looking for. Those that were looking for trouble found it; and those that were looking for what God had set before them found that. The prospect was depicted and interpreted by each man's state of mind, and each was sure that *his* conclusions were correct.

The obstructionist found mountainous obstructions where the lover of things that are lovely plucked mountain pinks and trailing arbutus, and joyously reached the summit while the other, in the valley below, continued to struggle and scowl over exact mathematical measurements of the "practical" impossibilities presented by the towering impediment before him. The censor announced dark spots on the sun, while grace raised roses in its life-giving effulgence. *Thanklessness cursed what was not there, while gratitude sang over what there was.*

A false science discovered giants where true faith found only fruits. The skeptic laboriously charted a desert of despair while the grateful believer garnered a golden harvest of joy on the very same spot. One saw insuperable difficulties and hopeless defeat where the other saw only an open highway to prosperity and peace. To one the children of God were as "grasshoppers"; to the other they were a mighty host well able to go on and take possession of the Divine promise.

The majority ruled; and the majority was wrong, as it always is, unless ruled in turn by the wisdom and grace of God. And *that people reaped what it planted,* in strict fulfillment of an inexorable law —for *"lawlessness" is fatuous, it does not in fact exist.*

The open sea in a furious storm may be to some the symbol of anarchy; but there is not a ripple of it, nor a wave of it, not a mountainous billow of it,

nor a fleck of foam tossed from its tumultuous breast, that is not *bound by law.* "The wages of sin is death," not because God says it is; but because it is God says it. He graciously advises man of the lawful and incontrovertible *fact.* Whatever the *theological* statement of it may be, this is the *practical* statement of it; and this statement of it is correct. Why should the everywhere-present God continue to be densely befogged by this human contrivance called the "science" of God? It is no wonder the world is beginning to cry out, "To Hell with your theology!"—as the late Joseph Parker once exclaimed in his pulpit in the London City Temple to a congregation of ministers. "The soul that sinneth it shall die"; and if God had not put this warning in His gracious Word the *fact* would still persist. The danger-signal denotes the thing signalized, and does *not* devise it. Repudiation of the *record* of a natural law does not alter the *law.* It is the law that makes the record of it possible, not the record that makes the law a possibility.

Philosophy, the science of principles, may be completely "scrapped," the principles with which it pretends to deal stand four-square still. Man cannot destroy an historic fact by destroying the historical *account* of it. Fire will burn baby's hand whether father tells baby so or not; but it is very wise and good of father to tell baby so—and only a fool will attempt to dispose of the *fact* by trying to kill off *father.* This world has never known such unmitigated nonsense as is displayed in the effort to wipe out the stellar universe by burning all the

books on astronomy, to charge off the *fact* of sin and its wages by scoffing at the Biblical *record* of that fact, to eradicate death by closing the cemeteries, or to get rid of God by bringing the Divine *revelation* of God into disrepute and ridicule.

So lawlessness is fatuous; and the most slavish, law-bound people on this old sin-cursed planet are those who claim to be most free, who call themselves "Anarchists," "free" lovers and "free" thinkers; who repudiate law, and who would exterminate law by making *their own word* law—they are bound with the most merciless chains by the law of license, by the ruthless law of their own lust.

It would be difficult to form an adequate conception of the intense strain under which, for forty days, the historic host of Israel awaited the return of the twelve men commissioned to "spy out" the land of liberty ere they, the freedmen of God, should enter. Nervous tension is an invariable corollary of suspicion. Prostration is the certain offspring of distrust. *Between Skepticism and peace there is eternal disagreement.* Confidence alone creates contentment. Faith is the substance of things hoped for; it profits today by the fruits of tomorrow; with the assured compensations of the future it turns the laborious toils of the present into a gracious inspiration.

But at last the dubious mission had been accomplished. The spies had returned, some bearing the luscious grapes of Eschol, others bearing only the cankerous ingratitude of infidelity. Possessed of that counterfeit confidence which trusts God only

with disastrous reservations, the latter had resolved to take no risks; so they risked everything on their own distorted vision, cowardice and perversity. Parting from faith, which risks nothing, *they* would ascertain the *facts;* so they found nothing but a fiction—and the people fell for their faithlessness.

The Confirmation of Folly

Eager to hear whatever word the commissioners might bring concerning the country that was to be its future abode, the camp crowded around them. The over-anxious, hesitating millions wondered *if* the report of the spies would confirm the Word of Jehovah, to wit, that He would lead this people "unto a land flowing with milk and honey."

But *unbelief has never confirmed anything but folly.* It plants nothing but petulence, and it reaps nothing but poverty and wretchedness. Moreover it is quite likely that most of them maintained a thinly-disguised reserve, an attitude of pretentious superiority, that would be able to say, "I told you so," to any report the spies might submit. Thus does cowardice crawl and flatter itself with being cautious and conservative. And thus does a boasting Skepticism slip on a snail and plunge into a hopeless pit.

Yet right at hand appeared, at least the possibility of unprecedented domestic prosperity, and complete vindication of their popular claim, not only to national existence, but also to national preeminence. Certainly after so many years of humiliation and suffering at the hands of idolatrous

taskmasters, the alluring prospect caused the Jewish heart to beat high and warm notwithstanding the lurking suspicion of God's integrity and power; and notwithstanding the fact that they had evidently resolved, in any event, to accept the testimony of a majority of these fitting representatives of their distrust even if they had to cast into the everlasting discard the Divine deliverances of their gracious God.

Thus faith falters, and thus do men "play safe." And thus are their highest ambitions beaten, their noblest aspirations consumed in the furnace of suspicion, to their consequent dismay.

Ten of the twelve spies were untrue to both God and country. *Skepticism is no respecter of persons, times, or places;* it does not stop to pick the object of its distrust. It is simply *faithless;* as faithless to its fellow men as it is to its God and to itself. It is utterly untrustworthy in all the relations of life, in church and state, at home and abroad; in its social fellowships and its commercial dealings. The venom of suspicion courses through all the arteries of its being and manifests itself in every sphere of its mental, emotional and practical activities.

These ten men shared the cringing, compromising spirit of their constituents. And with no little *eclat* they rendered a report contrary to the evidence, but in keeping with that spirit, an "evil report," a report carefully calculated to please the people however false to the facts. And they are doing it yet! Rather than lose a customer, a subscriber, or a popular election, they would give God the lie and

die in the desert. Rather than risk their standing, place, or position before the public, they would perjure themselves, libel their neighbors, see God forsaken, and the nation wrecked in a wilderness of pusillanimous politics, prostituted publicity, and licentious Commercialism.

"The land eateth up the inhabitants thereof" is what they said; but it was not true. "And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak"—this is what they said; but what they said was an insidious fiction. "We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so were we in their sight"—thus they reported; but their report was of the very essence of diplomatic deceit. They won their point, however—and their *popularity* was sealed at once, transient though it proved to be.

For evil reports, from time immemorial, like an infectious pestilence, have spread with marvelous rapidity. Man has seemed ever ready to embrace them, and to multiply the tumult of their mendacity. The truth he crushes, but a lie exalts. Veracity he crucifies, but duplicity applauds.

Instantly, therefore, was the whole camp in an uproar—over what was not there! Every man saw double. The harmless little lizard at his feet was a boa-constrictor; each honey-bee a buzzard; the bark of a dog the bellowing of some monster of destruction; the chirp of a cricket on the hearth the resounding crack of doom. And consternation reigned supreme.

The world never raises a riot over righteousness. Truth is rarely its *piece de resistance.* That would

not do; no, no! Yet it will raise Hell over some hallucination. So a frenzy of fear filled every soul. The alarm spread with the violence of fire. Anger entered the lists and wrestled with despair in a mad struggle for the mastery. Had the hostile chariots of Pharoah surprised them they scarcely would have been thrown into such a sudden fit of agitation. (Suspicion bears its fruits no less than faith.) They could sense nothing but impending disaster.

"And all the congregation lifted up their voice, and cried; and the people wept that night." They murmured bitterly against their trusty leaders. They declared that they had been beaten and buncoed. "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt," they exclaimed; "or, Would God we had died in this wilderness! Wherefore hath the Lord brought us unto this land to fall by the sword, that our wives and our children should be a prey? And they said one to another, Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt"—into bondage, into idolatry and degradation, into apostasy and death! —And they are saying it yet!

The Repudiation of Truth

In vain did valient Joshua and Caleb try to quell the riot, dismiss the terror of the multitude, nail the fiction, establish the truth, appease the anger of the people and turn the historic tide of rebellion. Though but two to ten, they nevertheless pronounced the majority report of their cowardly associates (there is nothing more cowardly than a lie, nothing more courageous than the truth) a libelous

publication, a malicious perversion of probity and patriotism. They were men of vision, and not case-hardened materialists—men of unquestioned integrity, and not obsequious politicians. They had clean cut convictions, and the manly valor to make an open stand for those convictions at any cost. They avowed that they had beheld nothing in the land that did not fully tally with Jehovah's guarantees. And they said, "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. And they rent their clothes, saying, The land we passed through to search it, is an exceeding good land, a land that floweth with milk and honey; neither fear ye the people of the land; for they are bread for us; their defence is departed from them."

But *an unbelieving and revolutionary Materialism regards the man of ideals a dunce,* though he holds a sceptre that all the principalities of earth and powers of Hell cannot destroy; apart from which the wisdom of the world is a wild delirium and the might of man a silly delusion. *Ideals live;* but Materialism crumbles into noxious dust in every time of crisis.

A simple beatitude, closely woven into the fabric of civic life, has greater strength by far than fleets of massive steel could possibly possess, or a seasoned army of ten million men. *Force, too, is fatuous, though it be "force to the limit and without stint."* It has never fought a fight and finally won it—never once in all the force-besotted centuries of human history. Its winnings are Will-o-wisps, luring the infatuated winners deeper and deeper into the

bogs of rebellion. It is *not* the only language man can understand, however brutal he may be. *Eternal love is the universal tongue that no man need interpret or translate—the Esperanto of a world redeemed.* Faith is the victory that overcomes the world. Confidence is the coin that captivates. Force precipitates confusion worse confounded, rancor and revenge; while faithful love lifts all men out of Bedlam into peace-possessing bliss.

So the true and trusty testimony of the self-forgetful spies did not prevail. On the contrary "all the people bade stone them."—*Alas for democracy from which God is eliminated,* and in which the testimony of Truth, and of fidelity to Truth, is received with scornful maledictions!

It was in the midst of this crisis that "the glory of the Lord appeared in the tabernacle of the congregation before all the children of Israel."—That glory lingers yet, if men will but see it.—In Divine indignation God threatened to cast off and destroy His rebellious people; for they had first cast Him off and sought to destroy His authority. Said He to Moses, "I will smite them with the pestilence, and disinherit them"—the pestilence of their own perversity, the repudiation of their own rebellion.

But "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And Moses prayed—when all else failed, he prayed; and thus he prayed:

> *"I beseech thee, let the power of my Lord be great, according as thou hast spoken, saying, The Lord is longsuffering, and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and trans-*

gression, and by no means clearing the guilty, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Pardon, I beseech thee, the iniquity of this people according unto the greatness of thy mercy, and as thou hast forgiven this people, from Egypt even until now."

Thus Moses prayed. He besought God on their behalf. And God heard his prayer. Nevertheless it pleased God in His wisdom and grace (yea, in His *grace*) that these people should receive the just wages of their infidelity.

There is no grace in injustice; and infidelity, which is the mother of all sin, is entitled to receive, with all things else, *what it has earned,* in spite of the fact that Godly fidelity is the crowning glory of the universe, the very soul of salvation, the very substance of life and liberty, of love, joy and peace, of law and order, while *in-fidelity is the sword of dissension, the sum total of heresy, sedition and suicide.*

Therefore Jehovah answered thus: "Your dead bodies shall fall in this wilderness; and your children shall be wanderers in the wilderness forty years, and bear your whoredoms." Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne; and they are not found elsewhere.

"Would God we had died in this wilderness!" they had cried out in rebellious disloyalty. And God, in His infinite grace, gave them what they had *desired,* though they had desired it with so much

traitorous insolence. He would be loyal even if they were not; so He granted them the thing that of their own free will they had *wished* for, the thing from which He was graciously *leading* them, not arrogantly *driving* them—the very thing against which He had mercifully warned them, to wit: to *die* in this wilderness. *He never obstructs man's freedom of choice and action, and He only;* for He only is faithful and true, loyal and just.

But such is the perversity of human nature in its present sinful state, that man never wants what *he* wanted after that thing has ceased to be a want and has become a realization. He dislikes honest toil, but clings with the greatest tenacity and contention to its honest wages, and constantly clamors to have these increased. On the contrary he holds fast to sin with similar tenacity and protestation, but passionately dislikes its dues, and violently blasphemes the name of Him who assuredly pays him what he has justly earned. *While he riotously cries for justice, he hates it with his whole deluded soul.*

Of his own volition man breaks away from God, who made him free to break away if he would; and when this sin of wilful secession finally fetters and mocks him—"Thy calf, O Samaria, has cast thee off"—he turns upon God as only a rebel could, reviles Him for allowing what would have caused him to curse God for withholding, and which God could not withhold without robbing man of the very liberty which He Himself gave him; and he mendaciously blames God for the bondage he freely and deliberately brought upon himself.

This very day one of the violent advocates of what his entire class loosely calls "personal liberty" was conversing volubly on this favorite theme. And before the sadly misguided man had finished his incoherent and illogical discourse, he began to berate God ("if there is a God," he said) for permitting the recent European war. "If those people chose to make war," the scoffer was asked, "and if they arrogantly insisted on making war, in spite of every plea and protest, in defiance of all right and reason, how could God stop them without arbitrarily interfering with their 'personal liberty' to do as they pleased?" He had not seen the glaring inconsistency of his curious argument. It was quite evident, as a matter of fact, that he was perfectly willing that God should forcefully interfere with the liberties of *other* people, but *not* with *his* liberty. Indeed he insolently held God to account for not doing the very thing against which he had been violently protesting; in all of which he fairly represented the Socialistic class of agitators to which he belonged; a class that heatedly advocates an equal division of the million dollars it does not possess, or the two motor cars it does not own; but when it comes to making a like division or its two goats—well, the very proposition is another intolerable outrage on its so-called "rights"!

How pitiful the delusion of these who constantly cry out for "social and industrial justice," and other varieties of so-called "justice"—justice? Before God there is at least one man in the world who does not want justice, either from God or his fellow men.

This one man wants only forgiveness and mercy. God forbid that this man should be dealt with justly! God grant that he may be dealt with only in mercy and grace. "We do not want charity, but justice"—this is the most bitter contention of a great multitude of deluded men. But there is at least one man in the world (for whom alone the writer is authorized to speak) who asks nothing of his fellow men, or of God, but forbearance and charity.—This howling wilderness of slavery and death is not of Divine ordering, but is altogether of man's own free choice and making.

So there presently arose this solicitous inquiry: *Will God's cause survive?*

Suspicion's Inquisition

How completely transformed was the prospect! From "living green" they turned to barren sand, from the land of promise to the desert of retribution, from a door of hope to a dungeon of despair, from what *God* wanted to what *they* wanted. Destruction stared them in the face. Their national pride an object of derision, their domestic aspirations apparently transmuted into a muddle, the fame of their Providential deliverance changed over night into a universal laughing-stock, they turned their crestfallen faces toward the towering, sunburnt rocks and dreary wastes of the torrid south, and entered upon an experience unparalleled in all the strange annals of national history.

Would boasted Sinai prove their sepulcher, the "tables of stone" the markers of their tomb? Would

the manna of God's grace rise up and mock them in the midst of circumstances that simply seemed to memorialize a childish credulity that only foolish men call "faith"? Would the gushing waters from "the rock in Horeb" overwhelm their souls with the deadly disappointments of a desert mirage? *Was the pillar of fire but a fatuous Jack-o-lantern,* the pillar of cloud a vaporous hallucination, leading them by slow degrees into desolations of disaster from which there would be no possible escape? Had the Law been simply a lariat that some wretched fate had used to rope and tie them, to subdue the exercise of liberty and to strangle their pursuit of happiness? Would the monstrous Materialism by which they were surrounded, its jagged peaks impiously piercing the skies, its serrated spurs cutting their way deep down into the very vitals of the camp itself—would it ultimately crush them? Had God indeed forsaken them? Was He only a merciless tyrant after all? Their enemies said He was. Were they correct? Or it may be He was not even a personal entity, but only an idea, an abnormal mental image, an absurb delirium? And the voice that had led them forth to alluring nationality, to life and liberty, was it but the siren call of some religious or patriotic Fanaticism?

These were some of the ominous considerations that no doubt filled their souls with inexpressible dismay.

But *God was neither dead nor asleep. He was neither a myth nor a monster.* The God who called Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, the God whom

Abraham *knew* better, more intimately, more intelligently, than men know each other—the God of their fathers had not forgotten His promise, He had not forgotten His faithless flock, nor ceased to love it, as God only can love lost men. Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them—as they thus face the fruits of their own free choice. He doth not always chide, neither doth He keep His anger forever. And He hastens to their deliverance with this inspiring, yet apparently preposterous prophecy: "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—"Fear ye not, O Israel; neither be thou dismayed; I have redeemed thee."

And the sons of Anak laughed in derision.

Where is the warrant for such a sweeping promise? Produce your collateral evidence, O Israel!—God's Word for it? God's Word does not command a copper at the Bank of Anakia.—But God's Word, without further security, is a thousand times better than a judgment note accompanied with government bonds.—Not here.—*Governments default, empires pass away, but the Word of God has met every obligation without postponement since the beginning of time,* and it is going stronger than ever; meanwhile the oldest national flag in the world has not yet celebrated its sesqui-centennial.—Sorry, but your security must be marketable. Have you any real estate to pledge?—Not a shingle.—Have you no convertible credit of any sort to offer?—Only the personal integrity of Almighty God.—Perhaps some friend will endorse you?—We are friendless refugees

from Egypt; we seek a country, and a home.—Have you no personal property of value?—We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—Where's heaven—anywhere within the limits of Cook County?—No; heaven is on the other side of Jordan.—Too remote entirely; moreover the finance committee would not accept such an offer as that, it is entirely too intangible. Anything else?—Not a hoof.—Good night!

Yea, out into the dark night, alas! while the crackling laughter of the Godless giants of a crass Commercialism, echoing across the wide wastes of the desert from behind bolted bronze doors, chills their stricken souls with deadly fear.

God's Word for it was their only warrant. So the tender was rejected as a bad risk, lacking the tangible collateral of an adulterous Materialism.—Yet had they other warrant for it, as we shall see.

Look to yonder light! It is the pillar of fire! God still lives! And the Levites chant a recessional: "Fear ye not, O Israel; neither be thou dismayed; I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by my name; thou art mine. As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—And His people sleep in peace, till the Day dawn!

Redemption's Revival

Thirty-five centuries have passed; and His people have no fear; they rest upon the promise of Him who never breaks faith, but keeps His Word without defalcation. The same giants still deride them, the same gross Sensualism still mocks them; but His people rest in peace. Disloyalty discredits them;

but they rest in peace. They know that their God is awake—that "the Lord is mindful of his own, he remembers his people."—False prophets scent disaster. Cowardly outposts seek to undermine the confidence of the camp with perjured reports of approaching ruin. *The rude rumble of Egyptian chariot wheels has not died out.* A wilderness of Agnosticism confronts them, cacti and sage-brush, rattlesnakes and venomous lizards, hypocrisy and Cynicism, beasts and buzzards. A great wide sea of worldliness and lust surges by the side of them, its boisterous waves constantly washing up into the very Sanctuary of their God. Heresy and Schism beat upon their citadel of truth in riotous revolution.

A massive and mendacious Materialism swashbuckles in all the avenues of life around them. The very elect spy upon the Almighty with arrogant distrust of His Divine wisdom and grace. Insidious infidelity, to God and man, one and inseparable, subsidizes and prostitutes all the larger institutions of publicity. "The Almighty Dollar," with imperial selfishness, stops the progress of benevolence with callous, autocratic injunctions; and human society is torn with ruthless animosities, class contentions, insane competitions, race hatreds, a narrow, case-hardened Nationalism, a Babel of conflicting statesmanship, delirious schemes of social order, conceived and promoted in *dis*-order, all mingled with varying degrees and sorts of pusillanimous Patriotism and partisan politics that reek with corruption.

Will the Kingdom of Christ survive in the presence of such appalling conditions? Anxiously the

redeemed look hither and yon for some ray of light, for some message of Mutuality and cheer. They call upon the God of their fathers to lift up a standard against these opposing hosts that all may see and understand, to confirm their tottering faith, to revive their drooping, war-weary souls, to strengthen the feeble knees of their good intentions. "How long, O Lord, how long!" is the languishing cry that stirs the silent watches of the night under the whole circle of the heavens, across the seas, in tropic heat and arctic cold, even unto the ends of the earth.

And, lo! "the pillar" of His presence, cloud by day, fire by night, appears above the tabernacle of the congregation. His Word does not return unto Him void. It tarries—has tarried through all the centuries—lest His people forget, lest they fall by the way. Above all the noise of battle, the ribald shouts of the counsellors of Godlessness, the tumult of lust and the savage shambles of a vain struggle for so-called position and power, His voice is heard. And this is what He says to His beloved: "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.—Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—And His people are at peace, till the Day dawn—a peace which "passeth all understanding."

Two matters of vital importance, arising out of the midst of the present crisis, demand consideration: the first is Israel's plight; the second, God's purpose.

I. ISRAEL'S PLIGHT

Every predicament the human race has experienced in six thousand years has been the legitimate offspring of in-fidelity. Man did not fall in the first place until infidelity tripped him up. When he renounced his faith in God he fell. Indeed, faithlessness itself was his fall, and not the thing that commonly passes as "immorality." Infidelity was his undoing, which is *the one and only thing that is fundamentally and essentially immoral.* And as soon as he lost faith in God, he lost faith in himself, and in his fellow man; for no man trusts his fellow man who does not trust his God; and the man who does not trust his God is not to be trusted, even his faith in himself is an artificial camouflage.

When the faith of God becomes once more the dominating factor in human life, then will man have faith in his fellow man, and in himself, and neither he himself nor his fellow man will betray that faith. Then will discord and death, death and discord (two things that are inseparably joined together in the nether foundations of infidelity)—then will temporal and eternal decomposition—social, intellectual, spiritual and physical decay—"be swallowed up in victory." Then will the redeemed cry aloud for joy, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"The sting of death is sin," and *sin is separation from God,* which is nothing more or less than division, discord, enmity and strife. And this is *death* —man's "last enemy that shall be destroyed," man's *first* enemy, man's *only* enemy—decomposition, past,

present and future—Ism, Schism and Skepticism, these three; and the greatest of these is Skepticism, for it is in this that the others originate.

Death is disintegration, the dissolution of partnership, and the setting up of destructive competition in its place and stead. And this is war. War is hell. *Hell is war*—eternal conflict, everlasting division and disagreement, unending social, spiritual and physical decomposition, with all the elements engaged in Devilish antagonisms, confidence banished, self supreme, license the only law, emulations, variance, hatreds and malice all unleashed, amid the tumult of contending classes, the sanguinary sword of unsparing hostility in full swing and unrestrained, every man a Cain armed with the fiendish club of fratricide, frightfulness triumphant, where their worm of corruption doth not die and the fire of their fierce violence is not quenched, and they fight on forever, without let or hindrance, without a Day of Worship, without a Sanctuary, without a Savior, and without hope.

Once "there was war in heaven." It was when *Satan cut loose from his partnership with God* and substituted competition for communion, discord for harmony, Schism for Mutuality, petulence for peace, ingratitude for gladness; when jealousy of God's place and power possessed him, and he set out to destroy the One who was his senior partner, his Creator in fact, but whose competitor he then preferred to be—set out to take His place, usurp His power, ruin His credit and steal His trade.

"Who made the Devil?" an insolent cynic has asked. The answer is made so plain that he who reads may run: Like his friend, the cynic, *the Devil made himself.* He is the original model of the "Self-made" man. God made Satan, made him free (as *He only* makes a creature free)—free to make of himself what he would; and he made the Devil of himself.

And who made Hell? That same old Serpent, *the Devil, made Hell;* and he did it of his own volition. He made it because he and his could not live agreeably in heaven. And thither they go, go freely, yet spitefully; because they like lying and violence, riot, revolution, competition and strife, license, lust, infidelity and disgrace; in spite of God they go, in spite of God's protests, in spite of God's infinite love, and in spite of the fact that God gave His only begotten Son to save them from it. To one of his character, disposition and habits, Heaven itself would be Hell to the Devil, could we imagine his being domiciled there.

Israel's plight is therefore synonymous with her infidelity. And, humanly speaking, there seems to be at hand some reasonable excuse for Skepticism.

The people of God, in themselves, like other men, are poor, weak, lost mortals. As such they differ from other men only in the fact that they *confess* it, while other men do not; they are deeply *conscious* of their insufficiency, failure and hopeless condition, while other men are not. They do not profess *goodness.* It is one of the Devil's most cunning and familiar lies to say that they do. They profess only

Jesus Christ! They are not professing Christians because of their *virtue,* but because of their admitted *lack* of it. Judicially (as they stand before the bar of Divine justice "in Him") they are saints. But experimentally (as day by day they stand face to face with their conscious failure and personal worthlessness) they are sinners. Out of Christ they have no merit, and they publicly confess it. Other men *think* they are all right. The Christian *knows* that in himself he is all wrong. He is keenly sensible of the fact that, in himself, he is not equal to life's critical emergencies. Other men think they are; and they go on building rebellious Babels.

Therefore the Christian is prone to shrink back from barriers so bold, from towering cliffs that seem humanly insurmountable—and that cannot be scaled, as a matter of fact, except by Divine interposition. He pleads as did Moses: "Who am I, that I should go unto Pharoah, and that I should bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt?" With Gideon, that "mighty man of valor," he exclaims: "O, my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." Or like Simon Peter he falls at the feet of Jesus with this confession: "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man."

From a strictly human point of view, Skepticism, of this sort at least, may not be dealt with too harshly, for it may not be wholly lacking in substantial virtue; it may be essentially an expression of a perfectly genuine yet faltering faith, of the

awakening realization of truth, the first struggling effort to get away from the conscious insufficiency of self and lay hold upon Him who is man's only hope of salvation.

The Insufficiency of Man

The man of God is intensely impressed with his utter insignificance as he laboriously threads his way through a crushing throng of obstructing circumstances. In "the press" of hindrances, that lift big shoulders high above him, like Zaccheus of old he realizes that he is exceeding "small of stature." All the ambitious ingenuity of the human mind, all the industry that human hands can possibly display, all the material resources that human fortune can possibly provide, have never yet been able to build "a tower whose top may reach unto heaven," that shall rise above the essential shortcomings and necessities of human life, that shall enable man to escape from the floods, fires and pestilences of sin. *The best that man of himself can do but leads to a confusion of tongues, a riot of counsel, division, dispersion and disaster.* All his pretentions lead at last to some mausoleum, artistically sculptured it may be, yet the abode of *decomposition.* All his high-sounding philosophies are resolved at last into the tinkling toys of childishness or imbecility. And there is no way out of the evils that beset him, the difficulties that surround him, the hostile hosts that encompass him, the corruptions and incompetencies that make up the sum total of his own inner being and life—no way out, except in Him who said, "I

am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me"; and no man cometh unto the land of promise, where love prevails, where grace and gratitude abound, and perfect faith is found, and Jesus Christ is on the throne supreme, by any other path—he that "*climbeth* up some *other* way, the same is a thief and a robber."

No wonder Israel is in doubt and dismay as she looks in upon her ineffectual personal forces and numbers them against the principalities and powers that are violently opposed to her, as she spreads the scant supplies of her humanity on the insatiable floor of a seemingly boundless desert, as she looks upon the imperious heights of the menacing Materialism that rises around her.

Moreover, to the awakening human mind, not only these inward insufficiencies, but real outward difficulties do in fact exist—though the secret of *Israel's plight is in herself, not in her surroundings. The only enemies man need really fear are the men of his own house,* the perversities of his own heart, the impositions of his own mind, the lusts of his own soul. Nevertheless these external difficulties, so-called, loom up before his anxious eyes.

Christianity is altogether "visionary" from every human point of view. It proposes "practical" impossibilities, that seem little short of delirious dreams. It publicly announces the most preposterous purposes. Its Lord performed miracles that filled men with mute amazement, or sent them forth with scoffing and derisive ridicule; how shall it be with the miracles to which its Lord refers when He

says to His disciples, "and greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father"?

"Ye must be born again," it says to Nicodemus, the distinguished exponent of theological Dogmatism, most learned in the law, a member of the illustrious Sanhedrim, supreme court of the Jews, an associate of one to whom Festus once said, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." And Nicodemus marvels: "How can these things be? Can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" *He was dominated by the same absurd Materialism that dominates men's minds today. His conception of man was a certain fortuitous combination of meat and bones.* So Christianity says to him, "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things? Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—But "how can these things be?"

To the woman of Samaria (now "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans"; certainly not. *There is no neighborliness outside of Jesus Christ.* But Christianity deals with this Samaritan woman, even at Jacob's well, openly and without reserve—*it is no respecter of persons, race, or place, of class, creed, clime, or condition*—a law of life never heard of until Christianity brought it to light)—it says to

this adulterous woman, the offspring of racial Ostracism and bigotry: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." And the carping incredulity of the world still asks the question that this astonished woman asked: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep: from whence then hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, which gave us the well?" In her mind, too, was a gross Materialism in the ascendant; there are thirsts and satisfactions it has never dreamed of in its philosophy. *The only water she could think of was dipped out of a hole in the ground with a clay pot baked in a furnace.* So the Divine Son of Galilean obscurity, standing by that very deep well, having nothing visible, nothing tangible, to draw with, an "impractical idealist," offers her and all men the water of life, the water of eternal satisfaction!—Yea, verily, "how can these things be?"

"Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up," it says to a Sadducean Materialism that scoffs at the resurrection of the dead, and offers nothing to the world but violence, destruction and death, the social and spiritual decomposition with which the world is cursed. *Materialistic philosophy is the most powerful of solvents, but it lacks the principle of organic life. It can resolve, but it cannot resurrect. It can re-duce, but it cannot pro-duce. It can destroy, but it cannot deliver. It can criticise, but it has never been known to create.*

Christianity promises deliverance to the captive, the recovering of sight to the blind, liberty to the bruised, healing to the brokenhearted, and the gospel of joy to the poor. The leper, it says, must be restored, the palsied man made strong, the demoniac redeemed, the frontiers of neighborliness removed, racial exclusiveness and a bigoted Nationalism destroyed, social and industrial classifications dissolved, enemies forgiven, and the Gospel preached to every creature even unto the end of the earth, the very term "foreign" relegated to the scrapheap of a Pagan past; *not by the brutal "might" of Materialism, not by the perverted "power" of political pull, not by the devilish deceits of diplomacy, not by the bludgeoned police powers of civil law, but "by my Spirit, saith the Lord."*

These are some of the presumptuous ambitions of Christianity; and "how can these things be?" It is no wonder that the children of God, so human, so frail and faulty, are sometimes filled with doubt and dismay.

The Menace of Materialism

Here, too, is the ever active, occasionally open, but generally insidious opposition of an infidel world, possessed of a conscienceless Commercialism, dominated by Mammon, a base, Godless Materialism, malignant, mean, mercenary, without sentiment, callous, biting the hand that feeds it, snarling, snapping, brutal, debauched, always deriding and seeking to destroy the institutions of righteousness.

Ah, yes; the saints have met it in a thousand arenas, *are* meeting it every day in its beastly colos-

seums. They know its ruthless Antagonism, how numerous and mighty, how rude and persistent, how subtle and sinister, how deceitful and merciless. They know it well. It has insolently slapped them in the face at every crossing, foully desecrated their sacred altars, pastured its fat cattle in the very Sanctuary of their God, turned loose its swill-fed swine into the hallowed enclosures of their Day of Worship, stung them with the venom of sarcasm, tortured and tormented them, maddened them with mockery, and crucified their Lord with thieves.—And it is doing it yet; its character and disposition have not changed in the slightest respect in six thousand years; it has not *evoluted* an inch.

"Wherever God erects a house of prayer
The Devil always builds an altar there"—

and he deceitfully names it "The Truth."

But Christianity says *there shall not be left one stone upon another to tell the tale of the arrogant, besotted majesty of this brazen Materialism that dares challenge the hosts of the Most High.*

Meanwhile, however, must yonder mountain of malice be removed and tossed into the unfathomed depths of the sea. These swaggering giants of Agnosticism, so certain in the knowledge of what they know is "unknowable," must be met and disarmed. This wilderness of infidelity must be made the King's highway to Canaan. This deadly desert of indifference must be converted into a blossoming garden of life. That highland castle of political corruption must be stormed and hurled into the abyss beneath. This pestilence-breeding bog of

Belial must be healed of its miasma and filled in. This ravaging plague of destructive Criticism must be checked. This haughty hill of hilarious disregard for the most sacred institutions of life—I will tunnel it! This deep, dark chasm of doubt—I will swing a bridge across it! This stormy ocean of universal strife—I will flash the Gospel through its very depths and make its tumultuous bosom bear on to glory!

The Valley of Achor must be transformed into a door of hope. The wrath of man must be transposed by gracious modulations into paeans of perpetual praise. The night of despair must be shot through with the inspiring radiance of the Sun of Righteousness. *Forgotten Fatherhood must be restored to the consciousness of prodigal men.* Crushed brotherhood must be lifted up to the pinnacle of humane consideration and regard. Alienated man must again be brought back and bound to God and his fellow man by ties that naught can sever. The arbitrary geographical boundaries of benevolence and beneficence must be obliterated. The boasting grave must surrender its victory. And the whole wide world must be redeemed for the Lord of life and liberty.

A Stupendous Program

What an astounding program to set before a people, however numerous, prosperous, completely equipped and fortified, efficient, cultured and mighty! But here is a people neither numerous nor mighty, without political standing or social prestige, lost in an inauspicious desert, rescued only re-

cently from centuries of slavery and degradation, without financial credit, homeless, illiterate, unsheltered and friendless, having no allies, surrounded on every side by the most potential and bitter adversaries! Who among them may possibly be equal to such exploits? No wonder they sometimes stop and stagger under the cumbrous weight of such a program.

The Alexanders, Caesars and Napoleons of human history have had their wild dreams of conquest, but none as wild as this; for they were surrounded by conditions and commanded forces that from every human point of view seemed to lend substance and warrant to delirious schemes of universal domination. For four long years the aroused and trembling nations of the earth were not so sure but that the presumptuous purposes of "Kaiserism" would prevail; but these were backed by a population one hundred million strong, comprising the best organized and most efficient nation the world has thus far known, powerful beyond compare as far as intellectual and material resources and preparedness were concerned.

But, alas, poor Israel!—known to the world as a nation of almost infinite insufficiency, without position or experience, and certainly possessed of a most excellent and "impractical" idealism! Even its own illustrious and stout-hearted leaders are compelled to confess its outstanding incapabilities and to report concerning its enemies that "the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great."

Meanwhile an alien world, Satanically hostile to God, madly jealous of His power, with insane passion seeking to usurp His throne—with its low-browed ignorance and degraded superstition, its high-browed philosophy and false science, its arrogance and pride, its haughty heresies and insidious lust of temporal power—gathers itself together in Godless alliances for new assaults upon the citadel of justice and righteousness, the spiritual Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

It thrusts its foul fists against the sacred Scriptures; or, with more sinister design, sets out to undermine their credibility and effectual power; and where neither of these avail it introduces cunningly-devised substitutes that pretend to *interpret* the Scriptures, sometimes with an autocratic assumption of infallibility. It derides the church and seeks to bring her gracious institutions into disrepute, though always following in her path, just as sutlers, scavengers and rats follow on the heels of a victorious army. *Its cowardly commerce follows a flag, and the flag stealthily follows the Christian missionary* —who then becomes the target of its abusive, mendacious Criticism, while it proceeds to erect a *Board of Trade* upon the foundations of truth laid by him, and to destroy what *he* created.

Fettered and bound as the world is by sinful prejudice, let the alien world nevertheless judge its own character and Godless disposition by this alone —*never in the history of the human race has it been known to go out into a savage wilderness and to create there a civilization.* It has not the *power* to

create. It has not the *courage* to create. It has not the *disposition* to create. *Its only mission is to devour and destroy.* It has been violently pursuing this mission for six thousand years. It is pursuing it today. It is pursuing it in America. The Pilgrim Fathers came into this continent when it was a wilderness; they came in the zeal of the Spirit of God, with their Bibles under their arms, and with prayer; and one of the first things they did was to erect houses of Christian worship, and then to build school houses. The result was the American republic, civil and religious liberty, education, and all the blessings and opportunities of free and abundant life. Then the alien world began to crowd these shores, an ever-increasing horde of bubonic rats, to devour and destroy, to find fault and to pull down the whole structure erected by Christian enterprise.

Why did they not go elsewhere and start something of their own? Or, having come, if they do not like what they have found here, why do they not go out, even now, into some equally remote wilderness, as did the Pilgrim Fathers, and start something to their own liking—this land would be happy indeed to have them go. Why do they linger in such a land as this?—The answer has already been given—*their mission is to destroy; lust has eaten out their creative power.*

They seize the Christian Day of Worship, the historic underpinning of American institutions, set up by our forefathers, approved by the government itself, protected by civil law—they seize the Day, and at once proceed to destroy it with licentious secu-

larity—even as swine trample upon pearls that may be cast before them, and forthwith turn upon and rend the profligate hand that may have thus dispensed its rich possessions. With all too boisterous praise they extol the virtues of the Christian scheme of public instruction, and then go forth to deny its origin, to betray it into the hands of antagonistic Godlessness, to prostitute it to its own nefarious aggrandizement, to utterly debauch it by venomous inoculations surreptitiously administered. They desecrate its sacred places and occasions with the fraudulent and sensuous exhibitions of a pompous, gold-laced Materialism, steal the very livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in, commercialize its consecrated vessels, make of its gracious cross "Nehushtan," a brazen talisman, the idolatrous symbol of a gilded Machiavellianism, slay its children with the sword of lustful avarice, characterize sacrifice as the fool's-cap of a supercillious Fanaticism, and mock at the resurrection of the dead.

We as greatly fear the Assyrian sneer as Egypt's battle-axe. And Israel's doubt, her halting Skepticism, should not be thoughtlessly assailed. Human as she is, keenly conscious of her personal insufficiency, mindful of the immensity of the task to which God has set her hand, she not unnaturally quails before that task. She wonders how these things can be, how these incapabilities can be made potential, how these oppositions possibly can be unhorsed, how these barriers can be reduced, how these amazing missions can be maintained, how these sweeping

promises can be fulfilled and these pretentious purposes crowned with successful conquest.

The Recovery of Paradise

In view of all of which conditions and circumstances, "when the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" Not much; certainly not if He were to come today. For faith went out when the Devil of infidelity came in and Paradise was displaced by strife and revolution, by division, discord and death; because of which, and at which time, the Garden of Eden, with its Divine grace and perfect peace, disappeared from humanity's map—*there was no Eden after faith had fled, after gratitude, confidence and Mutuality had been cast aside, after God had been banished*—and the mountaintop of joyful prospect was dissolved into a valley of dry bones, where the insatiable beasts of the desert make night hideous with their savage combats.

One of the most widely known Socialistic infidels in this country, at the outset of the late war, issued what he called "An Utimatum Against War." As a matter of course it was superficial and inconsistent throughout. If he meant what he tried to say, however, why did not he himself start out by first accepting the offers of peace made by God? He has been at war with God, and consequently with himself and his fellow men, all his life—fighting God, fighting his fellow men, while an evidently fierce tumult has been proceeding in his own alienated soul. The "war" he opposed, terrible as it was, was only an outlying, incidental skirmish; or rather the frightful flash of the real conflict. *The main*

issue is not between man and man, but between man and his Maker. Let that issue be settled first; for then, and then only, will men no longer make war upon each other.

As a matter of fact the recent so-called "war" was in no true sense war at all, but only war's eruption. The disease is deep-seated, not superficial. *Essential war is a state of mind, not a sanguinary encounter.* It is an inward condition, not an outward conflict. And that condition or state of mind primarily concerns the Almighty, not some man, or men, or nation.

And is the war now over because this particular conflict, encounter, or eruption has passed? Is the fire now out because the distant volcano has subsided? Has the fundamental character and condition of the earth been changed in the least respect because the local, superficial mountain no longer spouts sulphurous flame and molten streams of destruction? *Will watching over it with a mailed fist prevent another eruption?* Will a league to en-*force* peace put an *end* to it, when *force* was the very thing that *caused* it? Will a vast international bucket brigade be sufficient to keep the smoldering flame from bursting forth again? Has the yawning crater been effectually filled in with a somewhat more elaborate scrap of paper? Can the frightful vent be successfully stoppered by some Socialistic cork driven into it with the ostentation of a multitude of confused, vengeful and tumultuous words?—*O, the childish vanity of a wicked world at war with God!*

And now that it is presumably all over, having haughtily attempted to take justice and vengeance out of the hand of Him in whose hand only they are not a sinister source of injustice and destruction —now let America sit down and count the cost: 69,000 of her best young men dead on the battlefields of France; a hundred thousand more maimed for life; a twenty-five billion dollar debt that will be paid off largely out of the pilfered pockets of the poor by profiteering prices on the necessaries of life, and merciless legalized taxation imposed on liberty and peace; the world seething with restlessness and bitter rebellion; the scattered flame bursting out in hundreds of places instead of but one; China apparently outraged; nations and races deliberately crushed in order to be rid of them as competitors; statesmanship an object of jest to the exploited masses; respect for law and order reduced tenfold; human life cheapened; the game of grab and graft glorified; the Christian Day of Worship transformed more fully into a day of high carnival, and all other sacred institutions of Godliness desecrated in the same degree; legalized robbery rampant; the ancient crime called Militarism (the Thing the world has just hypocritically fought) universally dominant; *a policeman's club and a constable's summons the court of last resort, the supreme accomplishment of Twentieth Century civilization;* the commercialized and prostituted public press seeking to create, at any cost to the public it pretends to represent, any new dissension, or upheaval, or secularity that may furnish "stuff" for its licentious col-

umns, and increase its circulation—it gloats over any scandal, sacrilege, or shambles that makes "news"; and Paradise lost is swept farther out to sea on a veritable tidal wave of Godlessness.

The only possible Way in which Paradise may be restored to the children of men is Mutuality; the substance of Mutuality is Brotherhood; and the living soul of Brotherhood is Fatherhood, from which alone can Brotherhood and Mutuality spring to life. *The cleansing, amalgamating "flux" in the composition of Mutuality and Brotherhood is the love of God manifested in the shed blood of Jesus Christ,* His Son, very God of very God, man's "elder brother," received through *faith.* His *blood* "cleanseth us from all sin"—that is, from the corrosive, schismatic, *de*-composing elements in the crucible of human life. It is the blood of Jesus Christ that makes the *fusion* of these opposing elements possible. It is appropriating faith in His blood that will "destroy the works of the Devil," which works are summed up in "alienation" and "decomposition"; *without which faith the discordant, antagonistic, heterogeneous elements of human society will never be assimilated or harmonized, and social unity, concord and homogeneity will continue to be a hectic hallucination, the delirium tremens of a race besotted with sin.*

The disaffected human race cannot realize the blessings of life, liberty and peace until it is reincorporated into the life of God; and it cannot be reincorporated into His life except by the life of the Son of God laid down on Calvary. Only this fact

remains to be stated, to wit: the so-called "flux" has an essential affinity for all the warring elements in the crucible, is in all points save one just like them all, lacks only the destructive factor of Schism and discord, is exactly suited to the need of each of these hostile and incorrigible elements, gives itself up for them all, that they all may be *one in it;* and yet the "flux" is essentially different from them all, foreign to them all, introduced, given, added, freely, from without, from above, enters into their body, through the hand of wisdom, grace and faith, becomes incorporated with them, becomes "manifest" in their body, and thus redeems them from enmity and decomposition, purges out the impurities, so that there comes forth out of that crucible the same thing, yet a wholly different thing, a new creation, a thing born again, and like *it*—for "as many as *received* him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

In like manner "in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For *He* is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us; having abolished in his flesh the enmity, even the law of commandments contained in ordinances; for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace; and that he might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross, having slain the enmity thereby; and come and preached peace to you which were afar off, and to them that were nigh."

Meanwhile *in every other "Melting Pot" there is "boil and bubble, toil and trouble"; and the war goes on,* without interruption—amalgamation fails utterly, brotherhood is a mere hubbub, federation is a fiction, and unity is a plausible lie, visible to the naked eye, without the use of microscope, or the processes of analytical chemistry—it is what the metallurgist calls a "faked mix."

The Restoration of Partnership

Something is fundamentally wrong in the so-called "life" of the home; life "so-called" because there is no life *in fact* were there is *decomposition.* All human society knows there is something essentially wrong in the home, it does not need to be told. What is it? The question has called forth a thousand superficial answers. How may that wrong be remedied? This question, in turn, has brought out a thousand inappropriate and ineffectual cures.

There is but one thing wrong in the home "life" of modern society, and it is this: *partisanship has displaced partnership;* the man has ceased to be the true "head" of the home and has become the woman's landlord, or dictator—or, on the other hand, her escort, fiscal agent, aide-de-camp, property man, or what not; the woman has ceased to be his "helpmeet" and has become to him a menial, his hired servant, possibly his legalized paramour—or, on the other hand, his quartermaster-general, his censor, his aggressive rival for social, political, professional and commercial honors and advantages; competition has supplanted communion; the clashing lust of empire and publicity has possessed them

both; and *Mutuality has given way to schismatic Materialism—God has been let out! The heart of the home has been crucified on a cross of disintegrating, corrosive Carnalism—and there has resulted this two-headed monstrosity.*

The unhappiest day in the history of the American nation will be the day when that delirious heresy called "Equal Suffrage" becomes a vote—the most superficial nonsense and destructive hallucination a sin-crazed world has yet produced, propagated by infidel women, fostered by lewd, self-seeking politicians in church and state, in defiance of truth, with insolent disregard of God's Word, and striking viciously at the very fundamentals of all that is sacred in the home and beneficial to human society. The lure is as "wild" as the misguided, God-insulting, unsexed females who are engaged in promoting it, who have already begun to refuse to assume their husbands' names, and to compel these effeminated, prostituted men to introduce them as "My wife, *Miss* So-and-so." Thus Feminism has already become the livid murderer of unborn babes, *the fierce cancer-spot of society,* and is rapidly converting the home into a legalized house of ill-fame.

"Equal Suffrage," on the very face of it, is a painted and powdered falsehood, another insidious fiction, the offspring of mental perversity, moral deterioration, and social putridity.

When is a rose "equal" to the hardy bush on which it thrives, and from which it becomes pregnant with life, fragrant with loveliness? Why should it insanely desire to become "equal" to that

of which it is the fairest flower, in mutual joy and pride? No sane soul can understand what it means by this wild cry for "equality." Does it mean that the rose garden shall be all bush and no bloom? In fact it cannot possible mean anything else; with this result: the flower will fade and fall, and the bush run wild, bereft of beauty, cumbering the ground.

Shall they henceforth occupy the same place and perform the same functions, instead of two essentially distinct places functioning with each other in the perfect harmony of a "differential"? Shall the "*counter*-part" cease to be joined to the *other* part in the essential fitness of glad and effective service? Shall their God-appointed "disposition" be disposed of in the sulphurous friction of incompatibility? "Equality," so-called, is simply the *alias* of incompatibility.

Shall genuine Mutuality give way to spurious "equality"—*the most divinely gracious fact in human society be set aside by the most heinous fiction human society has faced since it fell from grace into Godless discord?*

Divorce existed long before it was legalized. Separation existed long before the court formally granted it. Decomposition set in long before the public burial of the marriage bond. And the only way back to the partnership of Paradise is in and through Jesus Christ. He is the only medium of Mutuality. He, and He only, is the flux of communion. He is the amalgamating factor in a social composition that no man can dissolve, for it is acid-

proof. In Him "the *whole* body (the body made *whole* again) fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

There is something fundamentally wrong with the "master minds" of the world. The whole civilized world knows it, from the least unto the greatest, from Dan to Beersheba. What is it? and what is its remedy? They are constantly saying things that make even a half-baked school-boy laugh in childish scorn. They are every day doing things that are incomprehensible in their shortsightedness and mediocrity. The most distinguished scientists seem to spend most of their time revising their own views and contradicting each other. The most learned philosophers agree on nothing essential. The great statesmen of the world get together and build boastful Babels notable for nothing but confusion. Astute senators, members of "the most distinguished deliberative body in the world," today announce some new political nostrum that is going to transform national and international life, and tomorrow hasten to countermand the prescription and to prescribe something quite the reverse in every ingredient of it with the same pompous Dogmatism. What is the matter? *Their minds are besotted with the same corrupt Materialism,* that long since dissolved partnership with God, and has set aside the only factor under Heaven whereby they must be saved—

saved from the absurdities of Schism, saved from sin!

To redeem the world, the home, these "master minds," that all men through Jesus Christ may be saved—to recover Paradise: this is the stupendous program set before the children of God.—In the multitude of thy tender mercies, O God, be gracious to Thy people if they sometimes falter and fall!

The Destruction of the Golden Calf

The writer does not recall having heard a sermon in twenty-five years that has failed to make certain obsequious salaams to "The Golden Calf," to toss bouquets to Materialism, or to pat the dollar-chaser on the back. During the same period he does not recall reading a religious periodical that has not done precisely the same thing. To the fiddling of in-fidelity the pew has danced off to the flesh pots of perverted appetite, and the pulpit has played the accompaniment, has applauded its pursuit of material property and power. Its choice apparently having lain between this and "the brow of the hill," it has preferred to "play safe." As certainly as the members of the congregation "were filled with wrath," when Jesus preached in the synagogue at Nazareth, "and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill, whereon the city was built, that they might cast him down headlong," so would it fare with the preacher today who dared to preach the whole truth in its naked simplicity and fullness of power. The religious periodical would go into bankruptcy in six months

that refused to flatter the Materialism that supplies it with "the sinews of war"—"war" is Hell!

Nor is it hard for the said preacher or editor to find excuse and warrant for such idolatrous bondage. *All he need do is summon to the witness-stand the Scriptures of the ancient Judaism* (the Judaism of polygamy, fire and sword) in order to prove, beyond peradventure, that material prosperity is a criterion of the special consideration and Divine favor of Almighty God. And he is doing it; ten thousand times on every Day of Worship, unnumbered times throughout all the other Lord's Days of the week. "All these things shall be added unto you," he says. But when it comes to showing *what* things Christ meant when He used these words, and *when,* and *how,* and *where,* he dodges. "O, Baal, hear us!" he cries; "the mortgage must be reduced, interest payments must be met, salaries are unpaid, the coal bill is overdue, the church kitchen needs repairs, and a new sewer pipe must be laid; so please come over with the coin." And *Baal boasts of his strangle-hold on the Christian church,* while the impoverished, unshepherded masses stand aloof and sneer in bitter derision.

The true sources of vital power are not in the possession of the Money Devil of Materialism. The real power of Christian service lies in courage, and the essence of true courage is found only in *fidelity to truth,* not in popular assemblies and not in the checkbook of Dives. It is found in self-effacement, not in self-assertion; in repose, not in action; in patience, not in impetuosity; in trusting God, not in

tempting Him, or doubtingly trying Him out; in using the means of His appointment, not the ways and means of materialistic Godlessness, not the current coinage of "the kingdoms of this world."

"If thou art a son of God," the Devil says, "assert thyself, let the world have some visible sign and token of thy power with God; command that these stones be made bread; thou art weary and hungry; arise, speak the word, and eat." The Devil is too cunning and insidious to openly tempt the Christian *from* the path of service, so he tempts him *in* the path of service. He offers a convenient, urgent, plausible and apparently proper means of helping the Christian on in his Godly mission—but *the means offered is selfish, material and ruinous.* Yet the Christian has everywhere fallen for it! His only way of escape in that hour of wilderness temptation lies, not in self-assertion, but in self-denial, and above all in fidelity to truth—"*It is written,* Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Then the Devil comes with another materialistic lure, with the same plausible appeal to self-assertion ("my individuality," as the Suffragist says): "If thou be a child of God, demonstrate it before these physical eyes; assert thyself; try God out; put Him to the test; cast thyself down from this pinnacle of His temple; think how sensational it would be; it would prove Him and the integrity of His Word before the world; it would also be the most convincing proof of thy sonship; cast thyself

down—is it not thy Father's house?" The temptation, again, is *in* God's service, and on a high-point of God's house; it is not *from* that service, or *away* from that house. O, how sinister! And the Christian falls for it, thinks God will sustain such self-assertion, accept such materialistic challenges—and dashes his foot against a stone! Or, if he does not, he once more finds a refuge in self-effacement and fidelity to truth: *"It is written,* Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

The Re-establishment of Truth

And now for the third and supreme test. The Devil says: "Thou hast a great and good mission to perform, involving God's glory and man's salvation; I will help thee, if thou wilt but *efface* thyself, humble thyself, fall down and worship me; he that humbleth himself shall be exalted; so don't be foolish about it; it is the opportunity of a lifetime, thy last and best chance; here are all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; all shall be thine without asking; without them thou wilt fail; with them, think what thou canst accomplish, and how much more quickly; is not this thy Father's world, and have not these *powers* been *ordained* of God for this very purpose? are they not His 'ministering servants'? Appropriate them; apply them to the furtherance of thy gracious plans; talk is cheap, but these material things are a real means of grace, and thou art but a poor carpenter's son. Who will pay the bill of this great adventure of thine? These kingdoms are exceedingly rich and mighty. Do not

love them, but *use* them. Time is short, the world is dying—and does not the end justify the means? Come on, be clever, be a good sport, be a good 'mixer,' and don't be a prude; fall down and worship—and all these essential things shall be added unto you."—O God; if Jesus had fallen for this He would have been no more than other men. Have not they all fallen for this? Not always with the deliberate intention of dishonoring or hindering Thee; yet often because they have thought themselves wiser than Thou art and have really meant to help and honor Thee.—The temptation is *in* the way, not *away* from it. And, lo, it is to *self-effacement* this time, to the *sacrifice of self* ("fall down and worship me")—but to the same disastrous Materialism! *"It is written"* was Christ's defence; fidelity to truth is the Christian's—he has no other. Truth is sufficient, with true faith. *The Sword of the Spirit never fails; the kingdoms of this world do, and their glory departs, and their riches take wings and fly away. Money has never won a war—it has never won anything worth the winning.* "Get thee hence, Satan"; and that which is thine, take it with thee to thine own place in Hell!—Then, and not till then, do "angels come and minister unto" the sons of God.

"It is written" is the panacea for all ills, the embodiment of Divine power, the only ways and means of world conquest. And is the pulpit so hard-driven for subjects that it must consult the "Current Events" column of the newspaper to see what is the question of the day? *The question of the day has*

not changed one iota since sin took possession of the human heart; the question of the day is the question of every day from that fateful hour to this: How can a man be forgiven, a broken heart be healed, a man brought back to God? This question is answered in the Lord's house, and in the Lord's house only; and the answer is unique. *The message of the Lord's house must be unique;* it must deal with God, and blood, and sin, and pardon, and holiness, and destiny; it must be a great message of reconciliation and atonement, of love and liberty, of Divine justice and righteousness. And if man comes to his Father's house at all, if his coming shall be of some real, permanent value, it is not to hear of revolutions but of revelations; not to hear the latest news from the kingdoms of this world, but the good news from the Kingdom of Heaven; not to hear of new theologies, but of the old salvation by the blood of the cross; not to hear of trifling socialisms, conceited rationalisms, industrial readjustments, vain schemes of political reorganization, the latest literary novelties and scientific discoveries, cellar whitewashing, drain enlargements, catch-penny amusements, and other parish happenings and business—but because he has come to realize that his soul is perishing with hunger, and because he has been told that in his Father's house there is "bread enough and to spare."

The message of the pulpit must be one that the world cannot hear elsewhere, in the same auspicious setting, sense and degree. When the pulpit comes into competition with the lecture platform, lyceum

and political "stump," when God's house comes into competition with the concert hall, place of amusement and prostituted public press, its race has been run, its place has been lost, its effectual power has been effectually supplanted by a mess of pottage.

To throw off the shackles of "The Golden Calf," to free themselves from the strangle-hold of "The Almighty Dollar," to restore the God-appointed means of grace, to serve God and "him only"—this is Israel's plight, this is the stupendous program set before the children of God.—How can these things be?

II. GOD'S PURPOSE

But Christianity looks hopefully beyond the vicissitudes of the present, the doubts and fears and failures that fill its most devoted ranks, the mistakes of the past, and the obstacles of the future. It rises majestically above the difficulties that face it, stands stronger than the eternal hills in the midst of deserts that seem ever ready to swallow it up, moves constantly forward against the multitudinous and mighty forces that oppose it, and presses the battle of beneficence even to the golden gates of glorious achievement.

It knows not defeat. It has never been taught to "beat a retreat." It has no part in ultimate failure. For God is in it. God is back of it. God is on both sides of it. God is above it. His everlasting arms are underneath it. And He leads it on to the con-

summation of the Kingdom of His eternal Son. *It is essentially triumphant, as truth is.* It boldly declares that "his kingdom is an everlasting kingdom," that "he shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth," and that they that be wise in their loyalty to truth "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

Nor is man's faltering faith in the staying power of God's triumphant purpose permitted to struggle on unhelped. On the contrary it is abundantly confirmed by the testimony of history, philosophy and revelation.

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1. The Testimony of History

Christianity had its historic beginnings in an insignificant, obscure, worked-out land—a land subdued and devastated by triumphant, ruthless, imperious Paganism; among a people de-nationalized, impoverished, scattered and universally scorned. The Jew was, and is, the most generally despised race the world has ever known.

It was cradled in the miserable environment of an oriental stable. It was exiled into Egypt while still in its swaddling clothes, a trembling fugitive from the savage sword of a degenerate king. Its youth was spent amidst the shavings and dust of a Nazarene carpenter-shop, where it earned a scanty livelihood by laborious toil.

In early manhood we find it a wanderer in the earth, homeless and friendless, except for a few,

common, illiterate, fisher-folk disciples, which it gathered up in the coasts of Galilee.

It was without honor even among its own kith and kin, persecuted by the Judaism from which it sprang, the jest of classic Greek and the laughing-stock of imperious Roman.

It sweat great drops of blood in the Garden of Gethsemane, and was taken at the garden gate with swords and staves, like a common thief. Thence it was rushed without ceremony into judgment, mockery and insult, ignominiously crucified with condemned criminals, and buried in a borrowed tomb.

Regarded as the beginnings of a universal kingdom, these circumstances were more than humble; they were nothing short of preposterous. A "little leaven *hid*" in the three vast measures of the human race, the numerous posterity of Shem, Ham and Japhet, this farce of a kingdom came, for a certainty, "without observation." A tiny mustard seed, "which indeed is the least of all seeds," this planting, surely enough, was a "fool's errand." A remote spring threading its silvery way down the rough and mighty mountainside of human affairs, silent and unseen, this struggling stream gave promise of nothing but rapid consumption by the massive material elements amid which it worked its tortuous way. A fleck of floating fleece far down on the distant horizon of the world's wild life, naught but a prophet's vision could divine for it anything but speedy dissipation, or to be blown out to sea.

Furthermore, we should remember that *this institution was not wanted.* It was not an ingenious

invention that would save men time, trouble and money, that would bring them financial wealth, social prestige, or political power. Therefore it was not wanted. It promised no man "acres of diamonds," or any other material, sordid emoluments. Therefore it was not wanted. It lured no man with the assurance of sensuous pleasure, self-indulgence, fame and flattery. Therefore it was not wanted. Its successful advance would not be noteworthy had all men been clamoring for it. They had not been clamoring for it. On the contrary they had been clamoring for the Thing to which it was altogether and diametrically opposed. It came unsolicited, and was presently treated as an insolent intrusion, as an offence to the thought and spirit of the age in which it came, a challenge to its brutality and lust.

The Whole Lump Leavened

The Pharisaical orthodoxy of the day, to which Jesus so frequently addressed himself, regarded it as "leaven," a most *offensive* thing to its shallow, soulless Ecclesiasticism; it declared that Christianity was a *corrupting* influence in the midst of Judaism, treated it as such, despised and scorned it. Was it not already "working" in the minds and hearts of the people? Were they not even now in a "ferment" because of it? Bigoted devotees of *un*-leavened bread, the Jews loathed this new influence in their community. They passionately averred that it was "leavening" the whole nation with corruption, and rose up in indignant opposition to it. It would nevertheless "leaven," permeate, revolu-

tionize, "the whole lump," no matter how offensive it might seem to their perverted minds, and no matter in what terms they might characterize it. Thus it was "despised and rejected of men," the men of its own house. "It's rotten," they vulgarly exclaimed; "we will have none of it."

It certainly was "leaven" to that generation of perverts, to those punctillious ecclesiastics. But just as certainly would its influence prevail. The evil thing the Jew disdained would fill the earth, permeate human society—"the stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." *This offensive factor of fermentation would in due course become universally popular; the tenets and customs of Judaism would give way to the ideas and ideals of Christianity.* And it has come to pass. Leaven itself is now as universal in its use as is Christianity in its sway. Thus "the kingdom of heaven," says Jesus, "is like unto leaven." And the Jew hated it with a fierce hatred born only of religious Fanaticism; he employed every means at his command to exterminate it.

These same case-hardened disciples of Ism despised Christianity even as they despised "the fowls of the air," regarded them as foul pests ("yet your heavenly Father feedeth them," Jesus replied to their objections). But however they regarded them, even these despised creatures, in multitudinous flocks, would find "a nest," and "a home" for themselves, in this new religion; for this insignificant

mustard seed, Jesus assured them, would develop into a great tree, and "the birds of the air would come and lodge in the branches thereof," the Godless Gentiles whom the Jews despised, with whom they would have "no dealings," and who even then were filling their land, from every clime and nation and race, building their foul nests in their dooryards and marts, even in the sacred altars of the Lord's house, defiling them, corrupting their youth, their creed, their historic Ceremonialism, their homes and synagogues; breaking into their exclusive preserves, prerogatives and privileges; and who were already beginning to flock to the young rabbi from Nazareth.

Thus the Jews wrathfully stigmatized the Gentiles, scorned them with a bitter scorn. But call them what they might, this world-religion would prevail, and the Gentiles would come to its light and kings to the brightness of its rising. "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as doves to their windows?" God is no respecter of persons; and "your heavenly Father feedeth them," too. But the Jew despised them as foul pests. And thus he hated Christianity. Today, however, these "fowls of the air"are courted and protected, they find a home in the Lord's house; *the ideals of Ism have had to give way before the truth of Christianity;* and Christianity prevails, is likewise courted and protected. The "leaven" is a wholesome universal blessing, and "the birds of the air" are no longer pests but means of grace. But the Jew hated them both, and went to any extreme to destroy them utterly.

By the time Christianity had come to full manhood both the temporal and ecclesiastical "powers that be" were hurled against it on all sides with unmentionable malice. It boldly laid the axe to the root of the tree of universal corruption, imperial tyranny, social, sectarian and national bigotry. It publicly exposed the festering sores of society. It assured all men, from the Roman emperor, haughty ecclesiastic and cultured Greek, down to the meanest wretch in the realm, that they all alike were *without God in the world and aliens from the commonwealth of the redeemed,* depraved, besotted and condemned. It offered no flatteries, courted no favor, granted no compromises, made no concessions to unrighteousness, did no side-stepping, never played pussyfoot, bestowed no indulgences, threw down the gauntlet to the world.

It therefore met with the fiercest Antagonism and persecution on every hand. Kings and princes rose up against it. Herod beheaded John the baptist. Jerusalem was in a white heat of Pharisaical indignation because of it. The Jews crucified Jesus. Athens and Ephesus, those self-esteeming centers of deluded learning, sneered and scoffed. Its disciples were despised, hissed through the streets, tortured and tormented, hunted down and slain like beasts.

Yet it went on!

A clever craft was it that could weather such a bitter sea! All the censorious scholarship of the centuries can find but one satisfactory answer to the challenge of these facts—*there was a Divine hand at the helm, Divine power was in the hold.*

And how marvelous were the later results of Christ's teaching! Even the infidel historian Edward Gibbon, whose magic language embellished everything it touched save Christianity only, whose imagination was dead to its moral dignity, and who maintained toward it a tone of jealous disparagement, was nevertheless compelled to write of it in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" as follows: "While the Roman world was invaded by open violence, or undermined by slow decay, this pure and humble religion quietly insinuated itself into the minds of men; grew up in silence and obscurity; derived new vigor from opposition; and finally erected the triumphal banner of the cross on the ruins of the Roman capital."—*And it never fired a shot, nor drew a sword!*

It said to the world: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." And it was not until the beguilements of Mammon seized its professors, not until the lust of earthly empire possessed them, not until the mania of Materialism enslaved them, and they began to bow to the Beast, as they are everywhere doing today, being more or less helplessly bound by "The Almighty Dollar," that the Christian church so largely lost its miracle-working power.

Meanwhile the body social began to be slowly but surely transformed under its gracious influence. The body politic underwent similar radical changes as the light of revealed truth was turned upon it. A

new learning appeared by virtue of its tuition. It cast the mighty from their seats and exalted them of low degree. And in due course even a case-hardened, arrogant, licentious Ecclesiasticism was shaken to its foundations by the influence of the truthful simplicity of its faithful followers. *The classic gods were gone, the Caesars passed into history, and despotic popes grew pale in the presence of purity and truth.*

And this steadily continued through all the succeeding generations, in spite of all the apostasies of its people and the assaults of its adversaries, until the light of modern liberty and fraternity began to break under its exalted standard, the present-day "wage-slave," so-called, being a delirious fiction compared with the "galley-slave" of old Rome, or the roped-and-tied tenant of the feudal ages. Human society today, imperfect as it is—imperfect only so far as it has obstinately refused to live the Christian life—owes every blessing and advantage it enjoys (and they are legion) to the Gospel and Kingdom of Jesus Christ. Opposed by the high and mighty, assailed by friend and foe, by church and state, tempted of the Devil, enticed by Paganism, assaulted by lewd men of the baser sort, ensnared by sophistry, taunted by scientific Cynicism, beaten and stoned, grossly and persistently misrepresented as to its origin, essential principles, purpose, means, methods and destiny, cast into prison and sawn asunder, crucified, or thrown into the arena with ravenous beasts, libeled and lacerated—it has gone on, and on!

Surely this religion is here to stay; and not only to stay but to press constantly forward in its victorious march until the whole world is filled with its benign light—the prophets of Pessimism to the contrary notwithstanding. "When the enemy comes in like a flood" the Lord of the Kingdom "lifts up a standard against him"—the enemy simply *"kicks against the pricks" of his own perversity.* And the banner of the cross—it shall never, it shall never suffer loss.

Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious:
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

Truth Triumphant

Man can kill the body; but he cannot destroy the soul. Christianity is a soul—and it is immortal. Man may exterminate the outward form of Godliness; but he cannot dissipate its inward spirit. A Paul he can crucify; but the soul of Paul goes marching on. The preacher may pass out; but the principle he proclaimed will live. The malicious club of debauched brotherhood may strike the faithful worshipper to the ground; but his faith survives to the end of time, his ideals prevail forever.

Christianity does not seek "the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them." They are no lure to it. Their so-called prestige and power it does not desire. It is in no sense or degree in competition

with them. Ism is; for Ism is Schism, and Schism is anti-Christ. But Christianity is not. Its Kingdom is not of this world; but it sets up the Divine standards of spirituality—the standards of faith, and hope, and love, and justice—in the personal life of a man, a woman, a child. The flesh-pots of temporal power never tempt it. It never says "let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt." It has meat that the natural man knows nothing of; and it craves not selfish, carnal indulgence, but only gracious, Divine effulgence.

The outcome of the test to which the Devil put Jesus in the wilderness temptation demonstrates this sublime fact fully. It was the test of Materialism—material bread, material protection, material empire; but *fidelity to truth prevailed.* In Eden, however, man cast off fidelity to truth, he cast off obedience, and in a precisely similar temptation he fell. "Ye shall be as gods," was the lying lure that "got" him. He turned his back upon God and truth (*God had made him free to do it*); he insolently discarded the fact that "man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"; he deliberately cast himself down from the pinnacle of God's temple; he went prospecting after the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them.

And this is man's fall today. The lust of worldly empire prevails on every hand, with all its ruthless barbarity, its frightfulness and brutality. *Man's chaplet is a dinner-pail;* bread for his belly he craves, not truth for his soul. Like the demon-possessed man among the tombs of Gadara, he madly

cuts himself with the stones that will not turn to bread at his mutinous command; and no man can bind him! He wilfully casts himself down headlong from the ambitious heights of presumption and disobedience, and having dashed his wayward foot "against a stone" he turns and curses both the Temple of the Lord and the Lord of the Temple. This, and this only, is "the intolerable Thing."

Ism says that a man's value to society is determined by his "contribution to the production of material wealth"; in other words by the size of his offering to "The Golden Calf." It placards the highways with "Learn more, Earn more"—that is, a man should learn more in order that he may be in a better position to increase his material income, not that he may promote his spirituality and help to make his fellow men more Godly, and God more glorious in their eyes. It scornfully assures the world that "it takes money to buy a farm," though money has never bought a farm, has never made a farm, and has never redeemed a man merely by making a farmer of him. This is the philosophy that has honeycombed the world with corrosive discontent, and the corruption of a wallowing Materialism.

It even comes into the pulpit and openly declares that "*money* is all right, it is only the *love* of money that is the root of all evil." Therefore get money, it urges; and with all thy getting, get money. Pursue it; but do not *love* it! Court it; but do not *love* it! Marry it; but do not *love* it. Have children by it (money is most prolific!); but do not *love* it!

Make all the money you can; go to it; but do not *love* it!—Where in all the Christian Scriptures is there the slightest warrant for any such philosophy? Nowhere! *Let no man thumb his way back to Judaism to find some warrant for such sops to Materialism—or he may also find warrant for the possession of "a thousand wives and concubines"!* Interpretations of this sort and variety are only the base by-product of a Godless Commercialism; Christianity does not at all enter into them.

For this reason it lives. For this reason it has safely passed through nineteen centuries of storm, strife, disloyalty and opposition.

Wonders God Hath Wrought

A pity it was, in those early days at Kadesh-barnea, that the children of Jehovah so quickly forgot all that had gone before in their experience as a nation. In the good Providence of God what a history was theirs! It abounded in wonders of Divine mercy, wisdom and power. It revealed the gracious presence of God at every turn. From it they might have drawn sufficient assurance and inspiration to have swept the swaggering sons of Anak, the carping Canaanites, the idolatrous Perizzites, and every other foe, from all the rude fortifications of their hostile infidelity in one swift advance—and *without drawing a bow or casting a spear.*

And what a history has Christianity! Laid in a manger at the beginning, it now sits upon the circles of the universe, rides upon the tumultuous winds of

human discord, and manages the seas of tempestuous passion and temporal power. Once judged, it now judges. Once without a champion, it is now the all-potent arbiter of the whole earth. Centuries of Antagonism have made it but stronger, fresher and stouter. Spies or no spies, Skepticism notwithstanding—in spite of suspicion, cowardice, selfishness and scandal—in spite of the idolatrous devotion of its people to "The Golden Calf "—

"In spite of rock, and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore"—

it has gone on. *Christianity has not failed.* Her representatives have often failed, and failed egregiously. But Christianity has *not* failed. *The only message in the world today that is worth a farthing is her message.* Satan has poured out upon her his vials of wrath only to develop her strength and cause her to shine with a greater lustre. The Almighty has indeed "made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations, and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." Virtue and liberty, equality and fraternity, justice and truth, are her children, clinging closely to the fringes of her skirts. A mighty, rising tide, she fills the earth and the seas with her fullness of faith and hope and love.

Alas, that we should forget how the Lord hath helped us hitherto, in spite of ourselves, in spite of our enemies! Alas, that we should fail to raise our grateful "Ebenezer," the criterion of faith, the memorial of Divine guidance, the certified promise of successful conquest!

Why this stammering tongue? Wherefore that staggering step? Whence these faltering, Schism-scattered ranks? *Begone this paralyzing passion for the flesh-pots of a Godless Materialism!* Come, men; let us go up at once and possess the land. We are well able to overcome it. Neither fear ye the people of the land, for they are bread for us, their defence is broken down. Spike their obsolete, ancient arguments—they have not produced a new one in nineteen centuries. Tom Paine has passed with all his blathering boasts into the drunken limbo of exploded delusions! Their vaporings have never precipitated a single drop of refreshing water on the parched tongues of thirsty souls. Their pretentious mouthings have never healed a broken heart, nor instilled hope whence hope had fled, nor caused a light to shine where the light had failed, nor delivered a man from destitution and despair, nor displaced corrosive discontent with the joy of an infinite gratitude.

Call their empty bluffs; Voltaire is long since dead—but God still lives! *Man has failed; but Christianity has never failed. Militarism has proved its mad, mendacious mediocrity; but the Golden Rule has everywhere disclosed its redeeming grace. The hierarchy of materialistic Imperialism, the haughty epaulets of destructive Criticism, the illiberality of "Liberalism," the shallow nonsense of "Transcendentalism," the superficialities of so-called "Radicalism," and the schismatic vagaries of every other Ism, have constructed calf-paths into a wilderness of unmitigated misery, but have never*

saved a man from sin, nor filled a soul with the light and glory of life.

But God has led His people on through all their faltering, through all the menace and threat and Devilish antagonisms of ten thousand foes, to the outer boundary of the complete fulfillment of His gracious promise.

Nearly one-half of the population of the world now lives under Christian standards. Christianity is the religion of the governing races; and it alone has *made* them the governing races. Nominally Christian nations have increased the territory under their rule, from the year 1600 to the present time, a period of only 300 years, from about 7% of the world's surface to more than 82%, while non-Christian nations have receded from about 90% to only 18%.

"Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?"

Enclosed within the marvelous pages of the Kingdom's history there is sufficient power and inspiration to move the world with all its braggart principalities and schismatic social and political heresies.

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2. The Testimony of Philosophy

Christianity not only stands unique and supreme in the light of history, but man's faith in its triumphant prevalence is further confirmed by the testimony of philosophy, the true philosophy of life. In this we discover that it has justified itself at the bar of reason, however clouded the mind's

perceptions, and notwithstanding the fact that man's mental processes are notoriously erratic, their unaided conceptions disjointed and confused, their unrevised conclusions illogical and generally incorrect.

The procedure of Christianity is always rational; its thinking is accurate, its feeling trustworthy, its action right. Its judgments are orderly and just. Its teachings are credible. Its results are satisfying. So far as men are indeed reasonable they are driven to ratify its method and conclusions; they are compelled to acknowledge its unexceptionable wisdom, its invariable impartiality, and its undoubted righteousness. In its house men have ever found "bread enough and to spare," infinite enlightenment, joy abounding, and a guidance that never fails.

The distinguished Goethe's last word, with all his erudition and intellectual force, is a piteous cry for "More light! more light!" Herbert Spencer finally admits that mere speculative human philosophy "fails" to answer the questions which man is compelled to raise concerning himself and surrounding things, "and fails the more the more it seeks."

But Christianity approves itself to the thoughtful, open, candid mind—to the mind that honestly seeks, asks, knocks at the door of Truth. It satisfies the longing soul, quiets the fevered pulse of suspicion, and leads men out of the error and confusion of evil communications into the glory of right relations, close under Heaven. "Eye hath not seen, nor

ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him," who follow His reasoning, who think His thoughts after Him, without prejudice, out into the free atmosphere and resplendent light of His infinite grace.

It invites all men to a detached, unimpassioned, earnest and unbiased investigation of its spirit, purposes and offerings. It spreads its wares openly before the world, and says: Come, inspect; see for yourself; reach hither thy hand, and be not faithless but believing; come buy, without money and without price; come freely, boldly, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; if the beauty you find here, the fragrance, the melody, the sweetness, the tenderness of touch, are not as represented, you are at perfect liberty, at any time, to return the goods without let or hindrance. Thus it fearlessly challenges men to a close and dispassionate examination of its character and claims. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Paul "reasoned" with Felix; he reasoned "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come"; all of which were perfectly admissible as subjects of reasonable discussion. And as Paul thus reasoned with him, Felix "trembled"; for *he* was the representative of *force,* but *Paul* was the representative of *grace.*

Force is an attribute of man; upon it man depends, and *not* on reason or grace. *Force is not an*

attribute of God; He compels no man. Caesar does. The world does. Materialism does. Every other Ism does. But God depends entirely on reason and grace. Man is without exception unreasonable. God is not. *When man sets up an ostentatious "Age of Reason" the world may expect an unusual display of force-full brutality.* To Caesar man pays *tribute.* But the offerings of Christianity are wholly *voluntary* and *free.* It presents its "goods," which man is at liberty to decline; it taxes, tithes, coerces no one.

The Principle of Christianity

The principle of Christianity is the principle of freedom, the principle of voluntary service. Christianity is *not* a tax-gatherer. It taxes no man. It "tithes" no man. Judaism does. Mormonism does. Romanism does. And so has every other Ism done ever since Ism first split humanity from divinity, man from God, away back beyond the time of the giving of the Mosaic law. The principle of the tax, or the tithe, and the principle of Christianity, are fundamentally opposed to each other. The principle of the Sabbath of Judaism (the last day of the week), and the Christian principle of a Day of Worship (the first day of the week—erroneously called the Sabbath by some), are fundamentally opposed to each other.

The Christian Day of Worship (which Paganism has done its utmost to destroy, particularly since the Pagan name of Sunday was adroitly fastened upon it) and the Sabbath of Judaism are diametrically opposed to each other in principle. The Christian

"first day of the week" is *not* the Jewish "Sabbath," neither in chronology nor in *principle.* The Sabbath, like the Jewish "tithe," was essentially a *tax,* required by law, enforced by law. *And this principle of a compulsory, coercive tax, is the essential, distinguishing principle of Ism, against which the whole moral and spiritual power of Christianity has been thrown from its inception.* Jesus Christ did away, once and for all, with the whole abominable business. It is entirely contrary to all that the Christian scriptures of the New Testament teach us about the spirit and method of God. It is a delusive and obnoxious snare. It is the snare of Schism. And it has been the prolific hotbed of Schism, of revolution and rebellion, throughout the whole history of Ism. "The tax! The tax!" has been the mad mob-cry throughout all the generations of Materialism, man's alienation from God.

Those earnest Christians who mistakenly proclaim the principle of the tithe, are always constrained to beg the whole fundamental question by the following qualification: "But of course Christian *giving* (the tithe was *not* a gift) must not *end* with the tithe, a tenth of one's income; it should only *begin* there." The tithe, however, *ends* there. The tax *ends* there. When Ism has paid its "tax," or its "tithe," it is through, it has *fulfilled* its financial obligation to the state, or to the church. With what remains after this legalistic obligation has been met, it may do as it pleases. The "tenth" may become a Pharisaical boast, and the residue an accursed prodigality—an "indulgence" which the tithe has

paid for. Has not the tither done his "duty," and done it most punctiliously perhaps? And is he not therefore entirely free from all further claims upon him? He has kept the *law!*

Ism's treatment of a legalistic Sabbath is precisely the same. "Pay your tax," it says, "and go your own way; pay your tithe, and go your own way; pay one-tenth of your income, and the balance of your income is yours; hand over the last day of the week, the Sabbath, strictly according to law, and the first *six* days of the week are yours—the Sabbath is the 'Lord's Day,' the other six days are not!"

This is *not* the vital principle of Christianity. Christianity is a wholly voluntary stewardship. It is a *voluntary* "bond slave." It turns over *every* day to God, voluntarily. All are His. Six days it gives to Godly work, after having given the *first* day to Godly worship. Christianity gives *all,* not a tenth only, nor a seventh only; *gives* it, freely. The payment of a tax or a tithe is not "giving"; in no possible sense is it giving. *The Sabbath is a thing required by Judaistic law; Christianity has no such legalistic institution. The tithe is a thing required by law; Christianity knows no such thing.*

Christianity says to a man: "You are God's, in body, mind and spirit; all you have is God's; your time is God's; your days are God's; your talents are God's; your money is God's; your houses and lands are God's; *give* God what is His. Your home is God's—give what is God's to support that home, even if (as it may be) you have nothing left for

other Godly service, or but 'two mites'; well done, 'thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord'; thou hast done better than many a man would be doing if he were to give *nine*-tenths of his income to God's work outside of his home. Give—not 'grudgingly,' not 'of necessity,' but freely and 'cheerfully'; the joy of such giving is yours; the blessing of such giving is yours; and the entire responsibility of doing it, or not doing it, voluntarily, is upon you (a sense of responsibility is an unexcelled schoolmaster!). Do not give 'capriciously' (that is, like a 'goat'), but give; do not give 'whimsically,' but give; give 'systematically,' but give. It is not a *tax* you are bringing (as Judaism brought 'all the tithes into the storehouse'), but *a free gift,* even as Jesus Christ and Divine grace are the *free gifts* of God."

In this the essential principle of Christianity is wholly at stake, a principle that lies at the very roots of reclamation and reconstruction, without which human society will never be born again, will never be saved from its present condition of decomposition.

Christianity is not a "levy" arbitrarily imposed by some higher power over which man has no control; but it everywhere proclaims "the glorious liberty of the children of God." "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, *there* is liberty"— and nowhere else. Christianity is *not* a "conscription," it is *not* a "draft," made effectual by force; it is *not* a "summons" issued and enforced by law; it is *not* a "distraint" executed by a constable, the consummate representative of civil law. It is a gracious call for

volunteers, and this is all it is. "Ye have been called unto liberty," says Paul; therefore "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

It is probably true that if Judaistic "tithing" were adopted universally in the Christian church today, the monetary revenues of the Christian church would be increased five-fold (shame on the individual members of that church who thus make their liberty "an occasion to the flesh"!)—but *Christianity is not a money-getting tax-gatherer;* and by the adoption of one of the distinctive principles of Ism it would thus sacrifice the very foundation-stone on which it is built in Christ Jesus.

Liberty Versus Legalism

Nowhere in the New Testament is there the least suggestion of a "tithing" system, and nowhere in the early Christian church. Certainly *not!* After the day of Pentecost "they had all things common"; and they *voluntarily* "sold their goods and possessions, and parted them to all, according as any man had need." And they were admonished: "Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store, as he may prosper." And again: "Let each man do as he hath purposed in his *heart* (and not by hard-and-fast rule, rote, or law); not grudgingly, or of necessity; for the Lord loveth a cheerful (Greek: 'hilarious') *giver*"—not a tax-payer, who studiously figures out and sets aside 10%, as if some assessor were waiting for him in an outside

room. There is nothing "hilarious" about such a mechanically-devised "system." God did not "give" His only begotten Son by any such formal, carefully calculated, proportional, cut-and-dried "system." *Christianity is a matter of regenerate impulse, not one of differential calculus. It is question of redeemed enthusiasm, not one of systematized mathematics.*

Judaism said: The tithe I take; the balance belongs to you. Christianity says: I take nothing, all belongs to God; I give; I give freely; and as I give I recall that "he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

The legalistic tithe is discriminative and unjust. It is unjust to the poor, and favorable to the rich. It discriminates against the princely "two mites" of the widow joyously given, and in favor of the beggarly two millions of the prosperous, though given with a grunt.

Judaism goes up into the Temple to pray. It is self-righteous because it has fulfilled the law, failing to realize that *Legalism is not the fulfilling of the law,* but that *"love* is the fulfilling of the law." It therefore flatters itself: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are. I fast twice in the week. I give tithes of all that I possess." I give one-tenth of my income to God—all the law requires of me. I give one day (the last day) in the week to God—the law asks no more.

The Christian goes up into the Temple to pray. And standing afar off, not so much as lifting his

penitent eyes to Heaven, this is how he prays: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Out of Thee I am just what other men are, poor, helpless, lost sinners. I am not worthy to be called Thy son. In mercy pardon my transgressions, receive me back into Thy house, and let me be one of Thy servants, for Jesus' sake. All that I have I give to Thee, all that I am; for all is Thine. I give freely. With unrestrained joy I give. For all is Thine; and I am Thine—and Thou art my gracious God.

Here is not only a difference of *formal system.* If that were all it would be a matter of small moment, deserving little consideration in this connection. But here is *a fundamental difference of principle,* by which Christianity stands or falls! And only so far as Ism has prevailed in the animating principles and practices of the Christian church has the Christian church failed, before God, and before the whole world!

In all its length and breadth Legalism is the same damning curse today that it was in the days of the Lord Jesus Christ. Some of the most successfully Godless men in America have kept all the law, most punctilliously, "from their youth up." And they are therefore flattered, by the Christian church as well as by their own deluded souls, for being quite righteous. Consequently they think they need not Christ; and they repudiate the very principles of essential Christianity. They have "a form of Godliness," but it is an empty sham, without pith or power. And the world mocks them—as it mocks the Christian church!

Paul tells us that the law was our schoolmaster to bring us *to* Christ, that we might be justified by *faith,* in *Him*—for by the deeds of the *law* can no flesh living be justified. Paul did not say that what is *legal* is *right.* God forbid! On the other hand he assures us that what is *faith*-full is right. And when a Christian gives he gives, not "according to law," but according to faith-full *grace;* not by formal system, but by redeemed, shackle-free sentiment, as each one "purposes in his *heart,*" not mechanically calculates in his head like a bank cashier or a professional money-lender; *apart from which vital principle Christianity is only another vexatious variation of Ism, the Sabbath another historic taskmaster, Christian "giving" another obnoxious Despotism.*

Christianity is the very center, substance and sponsor of freedom; or it is only one more of the tinkling cymbals of Materialism. As a matter of fact, however, it is the only institution or propaganda the world has ever known that has paid all due deference, without distinction, to him who is created in the very image of God, whose right to life and liberty is incontestible and really indestructible. It never treats immortal men as mere automatons, much less as dumb, driven cattle, fitted only for bit and bridle, and to be goaded by some Godless tyranny; but as intelligent, rational beings, created to think, able to judge, free to choose.

The Devil *drives* men. Christianity *invites* men. Ism *imposes* a coercive, legalistic tax. Christianity *asks* a "free gift," and leaves it to men to do about

it *as they freely will,* always bearing in mind that "as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." For as a man thinks, he feels; as he feels, he wills; as he wills, he does; and as he does, he is—conduct is the mother of character, just as the will is the ultimate spring of choice, and as a man's conduct is the sum of his choices.

And if men will be honest about it, if they will know the true test and touchstone of Christianity, here it is: *Christianity never makes a man pay tribute to it.* It never seeks to enslave the human mind, but to set it free. It does not compel a man to let it do his thinking for him. Ism does. Christianity does not. It never sets out to bring his sentiments into bondage, but to emancipate them. It never throws a lariat around his will, but strives only to release his will from the fetters that are already fastened upon it. "Ephraim is joined to his idols," and if he likes it, if he will not listen to reason or be redeemed by grace, if he is willing to stand the consequences and pay the price of his apostacy, "let him alone."

It says to a man: It is entirely up to you to do your own thinking, your own feeling, your own willing; it is entirely up to you to do your own praying, your own giving, your own living, voluntarily, freely, and without autocratic dictation on my part. *It is never a profiteering interloper between a man and that man's God.* Ism is. Christianity is not.

Salvation by Grace, Not by Force

Man cannot be redeemed by legislative enactment. Redemption is a matter of personal desire and vol-

untary choice. And it was only when the Christian church began to fall from *grace,* began to belittle and repudiate the *means* of grace, began to *force* men to accept it, by statutory laws executed by civil courts and a fullarmed policeman, that the Christian church began to fail, and to merit the vengeful oppositions and mad maledictions of an unbelieving world.

Redemption is a free confession of a saving faith, not the enforced impression of a formal creed. It must originate in man himself, spontaneously, God having first prepared the Way, set before him the open Door of opportunity, surrounded him with appropriate influences, arguments and persuasions. *The church is the Bride of Christ; and those who comprise the church must be wooed and won, not threatened and coerced.* And the world has never known such a winning wooer as Jesus, so gracious in His attentions, so devoted, so generous and free in His gifts. It is a sorry spectacle, therefore, to see His representatives repudiating the ways of a wooer and resorting to all sorts of threats, tricks, cajolings, legerdemain and legalistic compulsions in order to win this Bride! With what result? They have only offended her, disaffected her, driven her away in resentful disgust. Christianity never rails at her: Marry me, or go to Hell! These are not the ways of a wooer.

The final issue of redemption is with man himself as a free moral agent. Therefore, "*Seek* ye the Lord while he may be found; *call* ye upon him while he is near." Therefore the prodigal son is repre-

sented as saying, "I will arise, and go unto my father." There is no compulsion in any case. God has never failed to respect man's personal liberty, his freedom of will; and *He only!* When the prodigal insisted on having his portion, he received it. This puts the responsibility where it belongs, and where it should belong—on man himself. *When man cries out for "personal liberty" he claims what is his by Divine right;* also the tremendous *responsibility* that accompanies this right. How highly he seems to prize this right, the right to be free; and how lightly he regards the responsibility it entails! But the two things are absolutely one and inseparable.

Man's eternal salvation is not enforced. Its determination is and must be spontaneous with him. God having graciously prepared it for him he is entirely free to accept or decline it. *Man's eternal condemnation is not enforced;* its determination is and must be spontaneous with him. It must be and is a matter of free choice on his part. Christianity does not *force* a man into Heaven, or Hell. *Whichever way a man goes, under God, he goes freely.* God allows him the thing which God gave him in the beginning, perfect personal liberty, the liberty to choose and act for himself—and its consequences!

The state proceeds to deliberately stop him by civil statute, enforced by the police. Christianity does not thus proceed. It does not work by and through civil law. It never calls in the police. It is not an officer of the law. Civil law requires *force* to make it effective; and the essential force back of

civil law are the police powers of Materialism. *Force interferes with human freedom; Christianity does not.* Force arouses resentment and revenge; but Christianity awakens gratitude and devoted service. Christianity works by moral law only, by grace through faith. Moral law is neither prohibitory nor mandatory—in a civil, physical, materialistic sense. Civil law is both. *Christianity has nothing directly to do with civil law, except to obey it with uncomplaining loyalty.* Civil statutes are made by politicians. *Christianity is not in politics.* It is not at all concerned "in" political government. It is concerned wholly in the eternal salvation of men and women personally. And it is high time for the professed followers of Jesus Christ to find this out, to draw the line sharply, to "come out from among them and be separate," to "touch not the unclean thing" called politics, to withdraw from the gross Materialism of worldly empire. *Politics is not corrupt because bad men are in it; but bad men are in it because it is essentially corrupt.*

But some evil one says, "Just think what a tremendous advantage it would be if the Christian church came into full possession and control of the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them!" Has not that lure a familiar sound? Who was the original author of it? And did not that very thing practically come to pass in the Fourth Century after Christ, in the days of Constantine the Great? With what result? *Instead of the Pagan world being Christianized, the Christian church was Paganized! And the cause of Jesus Christ, fifteen centuries after*

date, is still suffering woefully from that fearful defection.

What political government needs most is that its citizenry should be made up of Godly men and women, *saved* men and women, patient, pure and peaceful, loyal and industrious, obedient and sober, generous in their regard for others, eschewing selfish, greed-engendering rivalries, considerate and kind, devoted to charity and beneficence, full of faith and gratitude. And the Christian can best fulfill his obligations to the state, the obligations of his earthly citizenship (they are numerous and important), and be a Christian indeed and in truth, by confining himself to the work that Jesus Christ bade him do—"not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord; rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer; distributing to the necessity of saints, given to hospitality." Is not this quite sufficient to occupy his mind and time fully—and to keep him out of mischief? He should love without dissimulation, abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good; be kindly affectioned to his fellowman with brotherly consideration, in honor preferring the other to himself; blessing those that persecute him; rejoicing with the happy, weeping with the sorrowful; cultivating Mutuality, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace—*even when the Godlessness of the world sneers at him as a "slacker," or despitefully abuses him as a "pacifist";* minding not high *things,* but condescending to *men* of low estate; recompensing no man evil for evil—no mat-

ter what his nationality; not wise in his own conceits—even though he be a professor of metaphysics in some famous university; providing things honest in the sight of all men—in spite of his racial or commercial prejudices; feeding his hungry enemy, and giving drink to him if he be thirsty. He should not avenge *himself,* however plausible the excuse, but should *leave vengeance to Him to whom it belongs, and who alone is able to administer it righteously;* overcoming evil with good; seeking to *save* the lost, and not to *execute* them; *delivering* those that are "dead in trespasses and sins," and not *destroying* them.

Christianity says, "Wist ye not that I must be about my *Father's* business?"—or, "in my Father's courts," which is the truer translation—as the boy Jesus said to His parents in the Temple. "I am come," it says, "to do the will of my *Father* and *your* Father." *Its place is not in the inside courts and counsels of Materialism.* Its duty is not in devising the ways and means of political government. Its business is not in the counting-room of avaricious Commercialism.

Spiritual Power, Not Politics

Is the Christian therefore a preacher and promoter of sedition? Of all men he is the farthest removed from this. Does he therefore renounce and condemn industrial occupation? There is no man as honestly and ardently and dependably industrious as he. Does his whole-hearted devotion to "heavenly" citizenship mean that he refuses to "pay trib-

ute to Caesar," and that he plans rebellion against "the powers that be"? Nothing could be more maliciously false and libelous, though his demon-possessed enemies have hurled this very accusation at him constantly ever since the days of Pontius Pilate. On the contrary, *the man of such character and life is the very salt of the earth, the only element in the midst of these "powers" that saves them from swift destruction.*

Christianity, and Christianity *only,* has everywhere and always taught, in outstanding terms that shall live forever: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers"—this to the Christians at Rome, living under the ominous shadow of the palaces of the Caesars, victims of the most barbarous and despotic of autocrats! "For there is no power but of God"—and time proved it in the history of the Roman empire. "The powers that be are ordained* of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth (interferes with) the power, resisteth the ordinance (interferes in the supreme authority) of God: and they that resist (interfere) shall receive unto themselves damnation"—another most unfortunate rendering; for the Greek word translated "damnation" is

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*Note.—In the original the Greek word is *"tetagmenai,"* a military term that means "placed under," and consequently "answerable to." The so-called "higher powers" are *not* "ordained" of God in the generally accepted and popular sense of the term; but they have been *placed under* the jurisdiction of His court, and they will be required to give a strict account of themselves to *Him,* the *highest* power, the source of *all* power, in due course of Divine judgment.

In a passage immediately preceding this, Paul says, "for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

"*krima,*" from which the English word "crime" is derived. Sin is the transgression of the law of God. Crime is the transgression of the civil law. A man

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Therefore His people are admonished to "be subject unto the powers that be," in patient forbearance, in loyal, uncomplaining obedience; and to leave the execution of just judgment on them to Him to whom it belongs and who only can administer judgment righteously and fully. Moreover, if His people should impatiently *interfere,* in ways and by means of their own human devising, they would only heap fuel on the hellish flames of resentment. At the same time they had their hands quite full with the preaching of the Gospel of salvation, and with reminding "the powers that be" of their responsibility to a higher power who in due time would bring them into judgment.

Therefore abide God's time in patience, and by no means fight fire with fire. Leave all to His wisdom and power, and do not adopt the weapons and methods of Carnalism, the ways and means of the Devil; but by submissive faith, hope and charity, witness the divinity of your mission. In all of which this converted Jew declared against Judaism (all ism) and preached Christianity.

The use of the English word "ordained" in the so-called "authorized" version of the New Testament (the authors of which were still under the spell of the "divine right of kings") is a most misleading translation of the original text and a gross perversion of its meaning. It would make it appear to most readers that God was the responsible author of "the powers that be," or that He had put His seal of approval upon them, with all their historic record of tyranny, corruption and crime, that He had specially "ordained" (originated, ordered, endorsed) them. Nothing could be more absolutely false. He has permitted *sin*; but He is not the *author* of sin, nor has He ordained sin. And He has *permitted* sin because He could not *prevent* sin without destroying the inalienable liberty with which He himself endowed man in the beginning.

In the same manner also has He permitted "the powers that be." Leave them to Him until the harvest. They have been taken and "placed under" the Divine jurisdiction of His court. Do not interfere with them. Do not oppose them. But rather conciliate them—and cleave to the Gospel of grace and truth.

may therefore sin without committing a crime, and he may commit a crime without committing a sin. But Paul says, do not subject yourselves to "incrimination"; do not "incriminate" yourselves; do not interfere with the civil authorities; do not break the civil laws; do not put yourselves in a position to be adjudged "criminals."

Here is citizenship worth while; it is the citizenship of the Christian who seeks peace and pursues it, who goes about his *Father's* business in his Father's *way,* and without interfering with his Father's exclusive prerogatives. Yet Browning's familiar effusion,

> "God's in His heaven,
> All's right with the world,"

while a very delightful poetic fancy, is false to the facts. It contains the same old insidious fiction. All's *wrong* with the world as long as "God's in His heaven." All's *right* with the world only when the world receives Him *out of* His heaven *into* its own heart and life, through His Word and Spirit, by the faith of His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ.

The "powers that be" are *not* all right, but all wrong. Are they not God's "ministers"? some one asks. They certainly are. But so are all the wicked the "ministers" of God—who makes even "the wrath of man to praise him." And they all shall receive their reward in due course of God's Providence. *They are justly entitled to the wages they have earned,* which wages He will see to it that they receive promptly and in full when pay-day comes.

Leave all that to Him, says Paul to the Romans; for it is His exclusive function, and *He only is able to administer "justice" justly.* Meanwhile the redeemed have all they can possibly do to preach Christ. They are ministers; God Himself is the paymaster. They are not court, counsel, or jury in their present sphere of action; they are but witnesses. Therefore Jesus says, "Judge not, that ye be not judged"—judgment is His prerogative, not that of the witness. It is not the business of the witness to give opinions; that is the business of the Court only. Let no man presume to trespass upon the exclusive domain of the Court.

And when the Son of Man cometh both the redeemed and the rebellious shall receive their absolutely just deserts, in full, at the hands of God, "every man according to that he hath done," strictly.

Could anything be more fair? Is not a man fairly entitled to what he has fairly earned? He shall have it—but only at the hands of God! This is Christianity. If men do not like it let them be done with it, and not belie it.

There was no nobler citizen, no truer or more valuable citizen, in the whole Roman empire than the Apostle Paul, who was not "in" politics, but who gave himself assiduously to the ministry of Jesus Christ, and to the Christ life, as ordered of God. Yet this same Paul writes, "*Our* conversation (a word sometimes rendered 'citizenship'; the Greek word is 'politeuma,' that is, 'politics') is in *heaven.*" But the materialist has frequently been known to sneer contemptuously at the Christian who testifies

that his "citizenship is in heaven." Nevertheless this man, if true to his Christian testimony, has always been, in every respect, a far more faithful and desirable citizen of earth than the materialist. He is a "fellow-citizen (fellow-politician) with the *saints,* and of the household of God." And *he is far and away the most worthy and useful citizen of every nation. But he is not in the politics of "the powers that be,"* he is not a fellow-politician with the Herodians, he is not of the household of Materialism.

Ism is *in* the politics of the kingdoms of this world. Mormonism, Judaism, Romanism, Socialism, Sectarianism, all are deeply and actively concerned *in* political government. Christianity is not. Ism is thoroughly involved in the tumult and vainglorious strife of earthly empire. Christianity is not, but is over and above them all. Politics, so-called, is materialistic. Political government is materialistic. Christianity is spiritual, not material; it is moral, not mortal; it is eternal, not temporal; it is heavenly, not earthly.

All these are the things that distinctly differentiate Christianity from Ism. Its thoughts are higher than man's thoughts. Its ways are higher than man's ways. Materialism is of the earth, earthy; *Christianity is the Lord from Heaven,* living *with* a man personally, living *in* a man personally, by that man's free choice and consent. *It is the only government in the history of the human race that exists by and with "the consent of the governed";* and it is consequently the only govern-

ment exercising "just" powers over the governed. Faithful Christians openly confess that they are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth; and they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country, that they look for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. And truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned; but now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city." And in the nation to which they go there is no legalistic tax; it is supported and sustained in every department by voluntary contributions exclusively.

Sinners are born, not made. The human race is a *branch* of the family of God; but a branch *broken off*. Essential sin is this "broken off" condition. It is separation from God. And this is all it is. But this is enough. All a branch needs is to be broken off; eternal rot will ensue in the natural course of things. Man is sinful by nature. Long before he was born his ancestors broke away from God, moved into a country foreign to God's Kingdom, became "naturalized" citizens of a hostile nation, "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel," expatriates; and man was "born abroad," born of a broken-off, removed, alienated branch. And all that man needs is to get back to God, back to God's country, back into the citizenship in which his family was created, back to the original Fatherland of man, for which he was intended, as a fish is intended

for the sea, and without which he cannot live, live in liberty, live in the peaceful pursuit of happiness. An immortal soul, he must get back into the essential relationship of eternal life; and this is in God.

Divine Mercy, Not Civil Law

Sinners are born; but criminals are made. First there must be a civil statute. Crime is the transgression of civil statute. There would be no "crime" if there were no such statutes. And a man becomes a criminal by his own act. But he is a sinner by birth, just as he is born a Frenchman, an American, a Russian, a Gentile, or a Jew. He has nothing to do with it. He is not consulted about it. No plea, however specious, can affect the fact. No complaint can change its complexion. He cannot deny his birth. He cannot deny his nationality. He may seek to hide it all; but the truth will come out, ultimately, in spite of every precaution and effort to keep it concealed. In *sin* did his mother conceive him—right or wrong, fair or unfair, desirable or hateful, the *fact* prevails; he is a Negro, or a Chinaman, or an Indian, or a Caucasian—he is a *sinner.*

And this does not mean, essentially and necessarily, that his mother was "immoral," or that she was not "virtuous," in the ordinary acceptation of these terms; not at all. But it means that she conceived him in an alien land, in a commonwealth foreign to faith, in the hostile citizenship of infidelity, in a "broken-off" relationship, in the enemy's country, in separation from God. Here, and here only, is the essence of the "total depravity" of man; it is as "total" as is the racial quality of the full-

blooded Negro, or Hindu. It does not mean, at least *primarily,* that man is totally "immoral," that there is not "some good" in every man, in a loose, superficial sense. A Jew may possess some of the characteristics of a Gentile; he is nevertheless a Jew, through and through, for he was *born* a Jew.

Man is "totally depraved" because of his complete alienation from God. For a time, to the human eye, this severed branch may boast a foliage finer, fuller, more luxuriant than that of any branch on the tree; but it is *broken off,* and time will tell the whole story of its downfall. Could anything be worse? Such a branch does not need to have a nest of caterpillars among its leaves; it is already dead, cut off, hopeless—all the elements of decomposition are *at war* within it. Man may not be a criminal; but he is a sinner. Crime is made by civil law, and by man's personal transgression of civil law. But a Negro is *born* a Negro; and a sinner is born a *sinner.*

The Christian has been mistaking his business, abusing his privileges and wasting his precious time, by countenancing and even condoning essential *sin* and condemning *crime.* He has been engaged largely in fighting *crime.* His business is to preach Christ. He has been fighting *immorality;* now let him extol *fidelity. There is no essential sin but alienation;* yet he does business with alienation, the while he fights a fatuous "lawlessness" by ever-increasing and equally fatuous legislation. He has been "beating the air"—with an empty, infected sack; scattering germs instead of dispensing grace.

He has been manufacturing criminals, by the wholesale manufacture of civil statutes; and the world's case has been none bettered thereby—essentially. He has largely missed his calling; he has brought even civil law itself, and "justice," into popular disrepute. The result is a wild, Godless Materialism —Imperialism, Socialism so-called (and its ultimate offspring called Bolshevism), Commercialism, Capitalism, and the like; all of which are the fruits of Materialism, and its foolish, factitious, laws of force, backed of necessity by Militarism—the police multiplied!

For example: *Christianity is not interested in the "blue laws of 1794";* neither is it interested in the green laws of 1919. Then why will Christian men make such an ado over these laws, and their enforcement by the militaristic police powers of a Godless Materialism? Christianity is interested only in the moral and spiritual laws of Almighty God, among which is the law of "the first day of the week," six days for Godly work, and this day for Godly worship. What more should the man of God want? Let him observe this law himself, proclaim it from the housetops, and urge it upon the respectful consideration of the people by every Christian means. When he resorts to civil law, when he essays to *force* men into the service of God, when he calls in the police (and these things are inseparably associated), he does several things: he witnesses his own failure as God's servant, he witnesses the inadequacy of his own peculiar weapons as the servant of God and brings them into derision, he creates a lot

of criminals, and he bitterly antagonizes the very people he would win—he simply adds fuel to the fire of revenge. For *the man whom God made free will not be forced;* he may be compelled to submit for a time, but he will soon or late break away. Then, if the people insist on turning this divinely appointed Day of Worship into an occasion of selfish, Godless secularity, let them do so—and suffer the consequences.

If "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." Ephraim is a tribe, a race, a nation, one of the "higher powers"; do not interfere with him; he is "placed under" God, and God will attend to his case justly in due season. Meanwhile *let Ephraim's sin be upon his own head.* Let the responsibility of his persistent Godlessness rest where it belongs. Do not "resist" him; do not attempt to force him; do not unnecessarily increase his antagonism and resentment; and "do not fret thyself" because of him; let him alone. There is nothing he dislikes as much as to be let alone; nothing disarms him as quickly. There is nothing as disagreeable and terrifying to him as personal responsibility. Let him have it all; do not put yourself in a position in which you share it with him. Do not meet him on his own ground, with his own weapons of force, with his own methods—with all of which he is far more familiar than you. Thus, too, you flatter him and his weapons and his battlefield and his methods, and give redoubled assurance to his thrusts. Meet him on *your* ground, with *your* weapons and methods, and

you undo him while you glorify your own God-given mission. Otherwise "let him alone"!

Ephraim rebels against coercion, which only lends excuse and plausibility to his lost cause; but if let alone to pursue his own wild ways, his rebellion soon crumbles under the cumbrous weight of the responsibility they impose, and by virtue of their own lack of virtue. *Coercion feeds the fires of rebellion,* and aggressive opposition is the tough tree of the forest against which the Beast whets his tusk for a sharper encounter. The effectiveness of any forceful blow depends entirely on the resistance with which it meets. If no resistance is encountered the blow but beats the air with no harm done—except to him who delivers it.

Civil law cannot look liberty in the face without flinching. Human "Justice" cannot take off her blindfold and face Truth without faltering. Penitentiaries are not decent; and they cannot be made decent. The electric chair is a savage barbarity with which Christianity has nothing to do. It was Ism (Judaism) that said, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Christianity has never said that; but it *has* said the exact *reverse* of that. *Capital punishment by the cold-blooded processes of civil law is more uncivil than the crime it signalizes,* and it has created more crime than it has ever suppressed. The execution of such human judgment on human life has made human life cheaper and more common, not more sacred and precious. It is so brutal that the more respectable elements in every so-called civilized community *hire* men more brutal than them-

selves to execute the sentence they themselves could not be persuaded to carry out. *No wonder they bind the eyes of "Justice"; she dare not be allowed to look upon the legalized crime that constantly has been committed in her fair name.* And the modern world unjustly blames it on Christianity, because nominal Christians have not only been parties to it, but have been its active promoters, in open and absolute violation of the spirit, method and admonition of Jesus Christ their Lord.

No power on earth can make a true Christian usurp the exclusive function of Almighty God in this connection. No power on earth can make such an one deliberately take the life of his fellow man, however plausible the excuse, by a hangman's rope, by an electric shock, by the firing of a gun, or by the savage thrust of a bayonet. Is he a coward because he will not carry a gun? The real coward is afraid to go *un*-armed. *The true Hero carries no sword;* and to his would-be defender who draws one He says, "Put up thy sword"—it smites the hand that wields it far more frequently than it slays the one against which it is drawn. And *there is nothing heroic in hanging helplessness!*—What savages these mortals be!

Some years ago a distinguished jurist, then governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, said to the writer: "The legislature of this commonwealth is a criminal factory; it is engaged in making laws, laws, laws—and then more laws to enforce the laws it has made; prohibitory laws, mandatory laws, all sorts of laws—laws that will

not be kept, that cannot be kept, that should not be kept; and every law-breaker is a criminal; consequently there is not a man, woman, or child in this commonwealth who is not in some way and to some degree a criminal."

Lawlessness is the offspring of Legalism.

Christianity prohibits nothing by civil law, enforced necessarily by clubs and bayonets. It is not engaged in the business of making criminals, and then executing so-called "justice" on the criminals it has made. Christianity is engaged in *the redemption of sinners,* through the atoning sacrifice of God's Son on Calvary, by faith. And it is not engaged in anything else however specious the enticement. Ism is. Christianity is not. *Christianity is not a lawmaker, but a Savior from the curse of the law. It is an emancipator and a pardoner, not a hangman. It is a Redeemer, not an executioner.* The unrepentent murderer, the impenitent thief, is his *own* executioner—just as Judas "went and hanged *himself.*" Jesus knew that Judas was a traitor and thief, but let him go, in his own way, by his own free choice. Therefore it is recorded that "Judas by transgression fell, that he might go *to his own place.*" It is *not* God's place; it is the *sinner's* place, for sin made it, and the sinner goes to it of his own free will. *Christianity never interdicts a man's freedom, and Christianity only.* It says to man: If you *will* go, *go;* I cannot stop you, and I would not if I could, if stopping you in any way interfered with your God-given liberty of choice and action.

Christ Man's Servant, Not His Censor

Christianity does not bar the gate to God with hierarchical usurpations. It does not arrogantly or insidiously block the way to the throne of grace, but opens up that way to all, without money and without price. It does not say: "You cannot get by unless you pay *tribute* to *me,* and kiss the toe of some pretentious earthly potentate," the last issue of Pagan arrogance and degradation!

Christianity is not a hold-up, but a lift-up. It exalts Jesus Christ, God's Eternal Son; itself it does *not* exalt, but humbles itself, even unto death. It follows in the steps of Him who sent it forth into the earth to speak words of salvation, at any cost to itself—to do deeds of deliverance, even unto the death-encircled brow of agonizing Golgotha. It emulates His example. It assiduously seeks to exalt and enlighten man, to surround him with such evidences, testimony, data and influences as will liberate him from the shackles of sin and delusion, and not bind him with a still baser bondage; such as will make it possible for him to reach right conclusions and form just judgments. It hands him the open Bible and says: This is what I have to say about God and man, about death and immortality, about sin and salvation, about life and liberty, about faith, hope and charity, about Jesus Christ; read it, think about it, ponder it in your heart, draw your own conclusions, and choose for yourself—I cannot do it for you.

Christianity teaches a man to think, to feel, to act; to think wisely, to feel truly, to act rightly;

and to do all this, "not grudging and of necessity," but freely, on his own personal initiative and responsibility. It says to a man: I am not here to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many; God made thee in his own image, and I am thy servant; I throw myself at the footstool of thy throne, O man whom God made—O man for whom Christ died; I do not ask of thee unwilling and servile obedience; I only ask that I may be thy helper, a stepping-stone to Him; *"I beseech thee by the mercies of God," not by the intimidations of civil law, nor by the accompanying prods of a policeman's club;* I make myself "of no reputation," only that I may glorify God, and thee; I require no material compensations, seek no self-aggrandizement, exact no tribute for my account; walk over my prostrate body if thou wilt, to eternal deliverance—and my purpose will be fulfilled, my soul will be satisfied.

Paganism has never said that! A counterfeit Christianity has never done that! On the contrary these are both selfish, autocratic, materialistic, commercial; and they seek, not to set man free, but to shackle his understanding, to hobble his will, to chain his actions to their jeweled chariot wheels as did the ancient Roman conquerors with those they brought back as trophies of the Godless aggression of an accursed autocracy.

Christianity does not plunder; it protects, provides, imparts.

Here is its true touchstone and test.

The "fire and sword" of licentious Mohammedanism never stain or blacken its fair fingers. With no barbaric "Inquisition," thumb-screw and rack, does it endeavor to coerce the unyielding heart. No darkened dungeon, nor den of beasts, nor raging stake, denote its pathway; for all these things are *not* the creatures of Christianity, but the creatures of Ism—Imperialism, Romanism, Socialism, Mohammedanism, Sectarianism, and the like—the creatures of his Hellish genius who dominates the lives of those whose fear of God is simply fierce Fanaticism, whose regard for man tends only to his degradation, whose god is Baal, whose agent is a beastly constable, whose only crown is a conscienceless Commercialism, besotted with the lust of power, drunk with the soul-destroying concoctions of a Devilish Materialism.—*What concord hath the temple of God with a constable?*

In Reason's Ear

Christianity presents man with this Book, and says: Here it is; study it for yourself, account for it. It takes him out into Nature's fields, under Nature's stars, and says: Here they are; explain them. It lays before him the whole course of sacred history, like that of a great ship, true to chart and compass, pursuing its appointed way in the midst of a tempestuous sea, along a rocky coast, with dangerous shoals beneath, the Wrecker's misleading signals on every side, insubordination and mutiny aboard, and it asks: Who was the Master mariner? It points out to him a thousand evidences of design

on every hand, and considerately inquires: Who was the designer? It calls his attention to this universal, innate sense of immortality, this everpresent realization of personal responsibility to some higher power, this irrepressible acknowledgment of man's utter insufficiency, this inescapable conviction of judgment to come, and challenges him to tell just what it means. It sings to him this old, impressive hymn, in melody and measure the like of which the human mind has not elsewhere discovered in all the tumultuous annals of the human race:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn stillness all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is *Divine*'."

Christianity says to man: There it is; that's my hymn, and tens of millions of my people are constantly singing it, with a unanimous joy that only my people know; how do you like it? what do you think about it? how do you account for it?—do you find rejoicing millions singing the hymns of Bob Ingersoll, Herbert Spencer, Heinrich Heine, Charles Darwin, or Francois Voltaire? (*Cynics never sing; and Skepticism offers praises only in a B-flat monotone.*)

Thus it always shows consideration for the *honest* doubter. It bows to him, and says: I am thy servant, command me. It recognizes the fact that

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

It reaches forth a friendly hand to the sincere seeker after truth. He may still be in some "far country," and it may be "feeding swine"; it matters little provided he has "come to himself," realizes that he is perishing with hunger while even his Father's servants have "bread enough and to spare," is yearningly looking homeward, and is prayerfully plan-

ning deliverance from the unhallowed environment of his riotous life. It says to its disciples: There is hope for the man who has come to his senses, who has begun to think, whose conscience is awakening, whose eyes begin to see the light, whose ears begin to hear new voices from on high, whose softening heart begins to pulsate with new life.

When the cry comes: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in!" man has a right to inquire, "Who is this King of glory?" And the coming One respects that right. Here, indeed, is man's momentous duty; he neglects it at great peril. It would be most unfortunate were he to thoughtlessly throw open the gates of his life to every solicitor who came, saying, "I am Christ"; for many false Christs arise who, alas, deceive many. So man's fair question is fairly answered: "The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

Still man may hesitate. It would be a serious mistake if he did not. It may be this One who seeks admission is an imposter—*the world is overrun with imposters.* Therefore the cry comes again: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in." And again man calls down from the watch-towers of his anxious soul: "Who is this King of glory?" To which challenge the King replies with renewed consideration: "The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory." Then, convinced of the righteousness and justice of the Divine claims, yet not till then, let the gates be lift up!

Christianity makes a corresponding appeal to the heart. With intelligent sympathy it takes the sentiments into consideration. *There is no sentiment in the world's callous Commercialism;* but in the King's business, thank God, there is. With a throbbing soul it comes to the throbbing souls of men. It pulsates, thrills, and lets love flow freely into all the arteries of human life. Having exalted and convinced the judgment it seeks to satisfy the soul. The inquiring mind it does not despise; the longing heart it does not disappoint.

It is the world's only call to the wanderer: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." It weeps over the wayward: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!" It pardons the penitent, even when the scribes and Pharisees, the hypocritical devotees of Ecclesiasticism, pleading the execution of "justice" in the name of the majesty of the Mosaic law, are ready to cast stones: "Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more"—for *the blustering representatives of Legalism had been compelled to slink off before Him who was the God of*

grace. It satisfies the famishing, whom the world has forsaken: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

Christianity is the Good Samaritan of the ages—the world has known no other; it pours in its oil and wine, to cleanse the wounds of the world, to take away their smart, and heals them every one—and it does it without regard to race or place, in utter forgetfulness of self. It bandages the broken spirit of the world, forgives its iniquities, heals its diseases, redeems its life from destruction, crowns it with loving-kindness and tender mercies. It takes down the silent harp of the world from the hopeless willows of despair, and stirs the night with seraphic music. It fills the empty cup of failure with the fullness of transcendent triumph. It tenderly invites the weary and oppressed, enters the dark doors of earth's dungeons, and delivers men from the gray gloom of remorseful ignominy. It lifts the leaden load of melancholy and conscious sin, rescues the perishing, cares for the dying, and bursts through the dread fastnesses of the tomb into everlasting victory. It strikes the dry rock of the desert and makes it gush with streams of living water. It beautifies the barren landscape of man's degenerate life, and makes it fragrant with faith, golden with the rich harvests of gratitude.

Men have seen the sandy beach shattered and torn by the ruthless tramp of ten thousand thoughtless, pleasure-seeking feet, which in the early hours of the day stretched out, as far as the eye could reach, chaste and lustrous, the burnished setting of an emerald and turquoise sea. They have seen it mangled and moaning, all its glory gone, deserted by the reckless rioters to whom it bared its virtuous bosom to make for them a holiday. And then, as the hours sped on, they have watched the unwearied waves of the flowing tide run higher and higher, up and up, billow chasing billow, hither, thither, on and on, until, by and by, at the fullness of the flood, every wound had been healed, the last deep scar effaced, and all trace of the day's fierce struggle forever obliterated, while the blazing sunset cast its streams of glory across that selfsame strand redeemed, a strand of glittering gold, like "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Thus *the full flood of Divine love heals every ragged rent in the heart of man,* erases the scars of sin and sorrow, covers his life with the beautiful garments of joy, and crowns his soul with rapture that only the redeemed can know.

Christianity is "a religion by which to live, a religion by which to die; a religion that cheers in darkness, relieves in perplexity, supports in adversity, keeps steadfast in prosperity, and guides the inquirer to that blessed land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

There is but one outlook for a religion like this; as truly as God lives all the ends of the earth shall rejoice in the realization of its infinite grace and power.

Christianity Cosmopolitan

Christianity is a cosmopolitan religion. "Such is its intrinsic excellence that it is adapted to the wants of all, and it provides for all." *It is suited to all classes, conditions and nationalities, everywhere and always.* It sings with the child, calculates with the man, meditates with the aged. It weeps with the sorrowful, rejoices with the prosperous, and sows its sweet salvation beside all waters. It was the taper in the sepulchral catacombs of ancient persecution, the torch of deliverance during the dark ages, as it has been the guiding star and enlightening sun of our present civilization. It is a Messianic messenger to the Jew and genuine scholarship to the Greek, emancipation to the Barbarian, faultless science to the Scythian, liberty to the bound and a law of life to the free, an excellent cure for political corruption and the only solvent for sin in all its manifestations and in every sphere.

No geographical boundaries can shut it in. No national frontiers can limit its outlook. No racial exclusiveness can stop its progress. No Chinese wall can nullify its effectual grace. No creature, clime, class, or condition can say: You are not for me. It cannot be

> "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
> To saucy doubts and fears."

No prison walls can restrain its going forth; no chains can fetter its essential freedom.

It is not a *national* religion. It is not an *anti-national* religion. It is not an *inter-national* religion. It is a *super*-national. It has nothing directly to do with Nationalism, except to redeem it by enlightening, elevating and redeeming the individual citizens who comprise it. It stands over and above political government, touching it only through the regenerate minds, hearts and lives of the people personally. Its function and sphere are exclusively moral and spiritual.

Except in the same sense, it is not an *industrial* religion, not a religion of Socialism *so-called,* not a *racial* religion, not the vicious Marxian "religion of a *class* in revolt," not a *sectarian* religion, not a *materialistic* religion.

A good ship does not repudiate the restless sea, nor its diversified currents and cross-currents; it does not deny nor disregard its boisterous, clashing waves; but constantly pouring oil on the troubled waters, it rides serenely through and above them all, throughout the whole world, to its desired haven. Thus does Christianity address itself to man, without invidious distinctions, or entangling alliances, that would restrict its cosmopolitan character. From God it came, and to God it will return, carrying in its mighty hold the precious freight of immortal souls from "all the kindreds of the earth."

A little while ago an ardent disciple of Millennialism "estimated" roughly (roughly, indeed) that

there were in the world "but nine million regenerate persons"—he being one of them, of course! Such presumptuous speculations and personal vanity are but characteristic of the most offensive Pharisaism. In any case we know that it is one of the many pretentious pronouncements of Ism, which would take judgment, the times and seasons, out of the hands of God into its own.

Meanwhile we also know that Christianity is a world religion, yet not worldly; its weapons are not carnal, but spiritual—not human, but Divine—not temporal, but eternal—not material, but moral and spiritual.

"Translate the words of Christ into what country's language you will, He might have been the offspring of that country. Date them by what century of the world you will, they belong to that century as much as to any other. There is nothing of nationality about Christ. He was the child of every age and nation. His was a life world-wide."

A Religion of Life and Enterprise

Christianity differs from every other religion, *so-called,* in the fact that it is positive, not negative, essentially constructive and never destructive, uplifting and not debasing. *Genuine religion is a life; and life is always positive and constructive,* elevating and ennobling. Ism is negative and ruinous, dishonoring and degrading.

And it is most unfortunate that Judaism and Christianity so largely have been confused. The Judaism of the Old Testament, in the Providence

of God, was the forerunner of the Christianity of the New Testament. Christianity sprang out of Judaism historically, and they must be considered together as the kernel and the shell; for neither can be interpreted or understood without the other. But *Christianity is by no means Judaism.* In the interest of truth and salvation a clear line of distinction must be drawn between them. Therefore, since the very day the old shell cracked, and the tree of Life came forth in resurrection power and glory, Judaism, having served its divinely appointed purpose, has been a cast-away; and it will never come back.

Judaism is legalistic from beginning to end, while Christianity from beginning to end is gracious and free from the law. With all the power of His Divine personality, Jesus threw Himself and His new testament against Legalism. By it the world was and is bound; but by Him is the world rescued from that tomb and made free. Having passed from the period of its youth into the age of personal responsibility, the law, its "schoolmaster," ceased to be to it in any sense a means of grace, and became an actual menace.

"For the law ('Thou shalt not') made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did." The old Mosaic law was but "a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things." The law "worketh wrath"—it did in Paul's day, and it is doing it yet. But Christianity worketh, not fear and vengeance, but gratitude and faith; for "by grace are ye saved through faith."

The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Jesus Christ.

The world languishes and groans under the galling yoke of Legalism; and ever and anon it breaks away in riotous rebellion. Recently a state legislature, in a single session, passed eight hundred and sixty-five laws—and was thereupon complimented by the governor of the state for its almost unprecedented moderation!

Every enemy of Christianity, every friend of Ism —Militarism, Socialism, Romanism, Radicalism, Confucianism, Legalism, and all the numberless other Isms—the friends of "fire and sword," of falsehood and fiction—thumb their way laboriously back through the legalistic labyrinths of the old ceremonial, law-bound Judaism to find passages to prove their point, recently including three presidents and ex-presidents of the United States—they evidently know the uselessness of searching the Christian Scriptures of the New Testament for proof texts to sustain their erratic contentions.

Confucius said to his deluded followers: "Don't go near the water; you might fall in and drown." But to the drowning man he had nothing to say—except, perhaps, "I told you so." And the whole human race is fallen into the river of death. He gave men some excellent advice concerning the thing they should *not* do, but he offered them no way of escape from the inexorable consequences of the thing they *had done.* And what is true of Confucianism has been true also of every other man-made philosophy, or moral system, or so-called religion,

the world has ever known. Moreover, whenever these have essayed to do some pretentious constructive work, when they have started out to cast up some way of escape from things as they are, such effort has invariably resulted in a tantalizing tower of unutterable nonsense, an absurd futility, founded on the shifting sands of Materialism and topped with pestilential mist. Meanwhile every one of them has capitalized the errors and superstitions thus engendered, and has done it at great material profit.

Religion, so-called, has been the most unconscionable profiteer the world has ever known.

Ism is a leech; Christianity is a life. Ism sucks the life-blood out of others into itself; Christianity transfuses its own life-blood into others. Ism works under the law without grace; Christianity works under grace without the law. To one the law is a grindstone; to the other it is at most a stepping-stone. The victims of the one are fettered; the followers of the other are free. And thus the true and the false in religion are easily differentiated.

By grace and love and faith, in the self-forgetful sacrifice that springs out of fidelity to truth, Christianity goes in after that drowning man—by positive purpose, by constructive enterprise; and by deeds of deliverance it lifts him out of the dark, turbulent river of death into a glorious life, a life that is "hid with Christ in God."

Christianity is therefore an enterprising religion, a life-giving religion. *With no weapon but Truth, with no armor but Love, with no force but Faith,*

it goes down into the gambler's hell, up to the king's throne, and out to the ends of the earth. Some one has said that not a Pagan temple has been built in a century; Christianity builds two temples to the living God a day.

No continent is too dark for its love to enlighten. No jungle is too dense for its unselfish pursuit of Divine purpose to penetrate. No sea is too wide or stormy for its zeal to cross. No cloud is too portentious for its flash of enthusiasm to pierce. No wall of national, racial, ecclesiastical, or social bigotry is too high for its strength of character to scale. No cliff is too steep for its patient continuance to surmount. No depth is too great for the reach of its redeeming grace. No task is too difficult for its devotion to duty to undertake. No amount of opposition, Cynicism and persecution is sufficient to stay its onward march.

Art, invention, science, commerce, education, true patriotism, philanthropy and benevolence, all genuine reform, find in it an open home and an abundant inspiration. In its conceptions of the Divine nature and its standards of morality, the relation of man to God, and of men to each other, it is not only far in advance of Paganism and every other Ism, but is in a class by itself. In effectual accomplishments for the public good and the salvation of society it is without any possible competitor.

Fear not, O man of God! Be strong and very courageous. Lift up the gracious standard of the cross without misgiving or dismay—*not a prostituted, superstitious Thing, but an all-conquering*

spirit and purpose of Life. Such a religion as this must inevitably endure, notwithstanding the falterings and faults of its followers; and notwithstanding the rude antagonism of the Godless. There is in it the very essence and soul of triumphant conquest.

Come on, chariots of Egypt—it will engulf you as of old! Come on, sword of Assyria—it will turn your ill-tempered edge upon your own presumptuous neck, as when the ancient psalm-singer slew the insolent giant of Gath! Come on, sons of Anak, with your frowning, cloud-capped philosophies—it will show you how its God doth put down the mighty from their seats, and how certainly He exalteth them of low degree! For in human experience its cause is just and right; in reason's ear it is fully vindicated; it satisfies the hungry heart; it *does* things with overcoming mastery and enthusiasm, with industry and sacrifice of self, with fidelity to Truth.

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3. The Testimony of Revelation

And, finally, what does God say about it?

With many men it is a matter of indifference what God says about it, or about anything else. They are exceeding wise—in their own conceits. What *they* have to say is sufficient and conclusive—to their own muddled, misguided minds. *They prefer the delirious railings of a puzzle-headed infidelity to the luminous assurances of revealed truth.* Let some cynical, superficial mountebank speak, and they

greet his profane mouthings with prolonged applause; but they have no ear for the symphonious music of true faith.

Yet there remain, even to this day, not a few who continue to think God is at least deserving of a respectful hearing. These are they who are conscious of the fact that man has followed the headlong guidance of the human mind, a myriad times or more, into the rancid mire of hopeless ruin; that he has accepted the wild conclusions of unregenerate human reason invariably to his dismay. The utter smallness and superficiality of the human mind is the most constantly amazing thing of record in the experience of the truly enlightened. To err is human. *Since he allowed the Serpent of Schism to get in between him and God, man has done nothing but err.* His mentality is defective in its every exercise. His deepest thoughts are childish. His heart is above all things deceitful and desperately wicked.

The thing he sometimes calls "conscience" does not in fact exist, except conditionally. For *conscience is only the awareness of some discrepancy that may exist between a man's act-life and his thought-life—it is only a register of variations between his deeds and his ideals—it is but the consciousness of conflict between his conduct and his creed, between what he consciously is and what he consciously ought to be.* And where no such discrepancy, or variation, or conflict exists, his so-called "conscience" does not exist—it is said to be "dead." In other words, when he is living on precisely the same low level with his degraded ideas of

living, when his creed and his deed are equally debauched, he is "conscienceless." When his ideals (if he ever had any) have been sacrificed to selfishness, the lust of empire, he is without "conscience"; there is no discrepancy between deed and ideal, for the ideal has vanished, or has been utterly prostituted; there is no notable contrast between conduct and creed, for creed has been crucified; there is no perceptible variation between his "is" and his "ought," for his "ought" has been completely subjugated by the Imperialism of his "is"; there is no conflict between behavior and belief, constantly crying aloud for settlement—he is "dead" in trespasses and sin; there is no "voice" appealing to him in the silent watches of the night, or in the tumult of the noonday, persistently calling to him to bring his lagging front line of action up to the advanced standard of his nobler purpose, for that standard has disappeared with that purpose in the dust of his laggard, self-centered living. Jimmy Logue, the notorious burglar, was totally devoid of conscience, seemed to have not the slightest sense of wrongdoing, because his degraded idea of right tallied exactly with the debased business in which he was engaged.

This "voice," in itself, is therefore without virtue or vision in fact, without wisdom or worth; or at best it is but the croak of a frog in a bog, the confused murmuring of turbulent waters, the flighty, vanishing echo of an absurd hallucination, a spent breath—a voice that is not vocal. Thus the "Appeal to Reason" is only an appeal to treason—and

trash; *the appeal to "conscience" is only an appeal to a boat without a bottom in the midst of a surging sea.*

A Voice from Heaven

But there is "a voice from heaven" that calls down through the centuries clear as a clarion, a voice that man has never followed to a fall, a Divine guidance that has never led man to dismay, a conclusion that has ever crowned him with gratitude and contentment. And that voice carries on, through storm and tempest, through the shot and shell of human competition and strife, above the rude rivalries of a Godless Commercialism, the sinister scheming of submarine diplomacy, and the insensate lust of empire, above the riot and rot of social decomposition—carries on forever.

Therefore, what does God say about it? This is the only hopeful question human inquisitors have ever asked. And man is never safe until he has safely anchored in the secure haven of its inspired answer. A single "Thus saith the Lord" has in it infinitely more wisdom and power, more grace and goodness, than all the voluminous pratings of rationalistic philosophy, the counting-room conceits of carnivorous Commercialism, or the wild-eyed loquacity of a blasphemous soapbox.

The man who trusts the human mind leans on a broken reed. The man who trusts the human heart looks to a light that fails. The man who trusts the human will follows the voice of a vagabond. But he that trusts in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.—

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedest, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

The conclusions of human philosophy are not final; they are but the bungled ending of a befogged beginning. But the Word of God is final, and full of life. It only is truth. Truth only is efficient. Only truth is sufficient. It cannot return void—and it alone. Falsehood comes back with nothing but hot air in an arid desert. A lie languishes, and fades away into night. But truth prevails, and finally brusts forth in the supernal glory of eternal day. Crushed to earth it will but rise again. The heavens and the earth shall pass away; this monstrous Materialism will vanish like a noxious vapor; the riot of races, the cries of the classes, the mad maneuvering of the masses, and the vain imagining of the nations, move steadily on over the giant's causeway of eternal decomposition; but the Word of Truth endures. The foundation of God standeth sure. It is forever settled in Heaven.

Man's thoughts are an infectious disease. Man's opinions, however pretentious, are pestilential. The common sense of the world is a circle without a center. The heart of mankind is sick of the putrid machinations of blustering statesmanship. Man's so-called "peace" never stays put, and simply because it is a pusillanimous, self-seeking subterfuge. *The kingdoms of the world are utterly corrupt from*

top to bottom; and sedition is of the Devil, essentially as well as in all its manifestations.

There is nothing more unsocial than the schismatic thing called "Socialism." Let no man be deceived; *the worst things in the world are cunningly camouflaged with the best names in the world.* In its fundamental principle and characteristic spirit the socialism of Christianity is as different from the pretentious "Socialism" of the day as is a genuine gold coin from its ingenious counterfeit—yet only the trained eye or hand can tell them apart. One is standard and free from alloys; the other is a deceptive base metal mix alloyed with error. They look alike to the average eye, they sound alike, and they feel alike; but they are essentially different throughout.

The unity of "Unionism" is simply one more fiction. There is no fraternity in Christless "Brotherhood." So-called "Federation" is built on a bubble. And the "Independent" workers of the world do not represent even the a-b-c of independence, they are simply caged cockatoos.

What the world needs is not a Declaration of Independence, but a DECLARATION OF DEPENDENCE, of dependence on God, on Divine control and guidance, on the mediatory love and amalgamating grace of Jesus Christ, on deep-seated Mutuality, which exists only "in Him" and in the crucifixion of Self.

The world is weary of war, this war of words, idle words, vain words, lying words, insidious words, weasel words—this boasting Babel of confused tongues, sinister tongues, crafty tongues, wild

and untamed tongues, serpents' tongues, tongues that just talk, talk, talk; these ever-multiplying and always-changing leagues of notions; these garrulous compromises and loquacious competitions that insult wisdom, conceal truth, subvert justice and cover crooks—"my little children let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."

Therefore let God speak. The Lord is in His holy temple as of old; let all the earth keep silence before Him, listen to His voice, and follow the vision of a Divine Redeemer, of whom God hath said, "This is my beloved Son; hear HIM." A riotous multitude of human interpretations and propositions has left man crushed and dazed. Now for one clear call from above! He has staggered and stumbled along the tortuous calf-paths of human vagary and inordinate self-esteem; now let him turn into the King's high Way that leadeth out of this wilderness of mendacious Materialism straight into the promised land of life and liberty.—*Through sixty centuries of destructive tumult and strife has man been speaking; now let God speak.* What has God to say about it?

Thus Saith the Lord

"The poor man may know nothing of history, science, or philosophy; he may be totally unable to vanquish the skeptic on the arena of public debate; but in every 'Thus saith the Lord' he is surrounded by a panoply which the shafts of infidelity can never pierce." In God's Word he has a Rock to stand on which the lustful Isms of time and sense

can never undermine; a life-line to hold to that no Schism society, or Board of Trade, or scissors of Hired Criticism, or commercial Trust, or industrial enterprise, or university laboratory, can part asunder; a vital composition that cannot be decomposed by any acid test that science can possibly apply; a Declaration of Principles that will not perish; a Constitution that never need be amended or modified, the like of which the combined wisdom of all the philosophy and statesmanship of the world cannot devise; the only possible basis of peace; the only ground that justice and right can stand on. And *there is no other word under Heaven given among men whereby they can come to an understanding, and society be saved from self-destruction.*

The writer sat for several hours in a compartment of a French railway carriage, alone with a stranger. The day was hot and the journey tedious. We exchanged many friendly glances as time passed. But mere glances were not satisfying. We tried to get together on some better basis; but our efforts were fruitless. He spoke in French. The writer replied in English. Neither understood the other. We tried German, but to no avail; our broken words failed us utterly. We took refuge in Latin; but could not come to an understanding. We found pencil and paper with a resort to Greek, and then to Hebrew; but, though we succeeded in getting a little closer together, everything was muddled and confused. For all our earnest desire and effort of hours we could not understand; and the

time of parting was at hand. As we drew up to the station of our destination we looked at each other in gracious despair. Must we part, and strangers still? the journey at an end, without knowing each other, without understanding each other? We exchanged nicely engraved personal cards; but how meaningless they were! What were mere names to us, however artistically etched on copper plate? They simply mocked the passion of our deeper purpose—and left us strangers still. Then a sudden inspiration seized my French companion; and a new light lit up his prepossessing face. He quickly drew from his pocket a copy of the New Testament. Putting one end of it in the writer's hand while he held the other end, his eyes moistening with joy as he spoke, he said simply and slowly: *"Hoc inter nos"* ("This between us")—and instantly the confusion of tongues was gone, our differences were dissolved! We had gotten together at last, we had come to an understanding, the war of words was over, peace prevailed; and we finished the journey in mutual joy, friends forever on the firm foundation of God.

"Other foundation can no man lay."

Human "Justice" is the blindfolded image of a squint-eyed fact. But "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and right-

eous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb. Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward."

The Word of God has justified itself in human experience through unnumbered generations. Therefore it lives. The "sacred" books of Ism—of Hinduism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and all the rest—in due course lose their superficial luster and pass away. But the Word of God is never *out of date.* The great libraries of the world are vast cemeteries filled with dead books. Some of them struck at local wrongs that have been remedied; some fulfilled their mission and disappeared; some defended institutions that no longer interest the human race; most of them contained no virtue that warranted continued existence—not even in the judgment of the most generous critics. But the Bible lives. It belongs to no special age, to no isolated locality, deals with no institutions of merely transitory interest, advocates no cause that is limited geographically, nationally, socially, religiously, or in any other respect. It concerns all men, everywhere, and in all times.

The most *up-to-date* book man has ever known is the Bible. As a matter of fact it is always *ahead-of-date.* It anticipates man's knowledge of men and things, all his discoveries, often by the measure of many centuries. *For four thousand years history and science have been trying to catch up with the Bible, and trying in vain.* Away back in Moses'

time God in this Book revealed the fact that the physical earth was hung out in space on nothing. Science at last agrees, and now calls this nothing "gravitation," and looks learned. But not so many generations ago science was teaching the school children that the earth was flat, that it rested on the back of a great elephant, and then on the back of a great turtle, and then on the back of a great man called Atlas. So science is catching up.

History and Science Catching Up

For twenty-five centuries the name of Sargon, king of Assyria, was completely lost to secular history; and the learned historians, with their characteristic Dogmatism, said that there never had been an Assyrian king by the name of Sargon; that the Bible was entirely wrong in its account of how this Pagan king invaded and devastated Judea. But only recently, in the ruins of ancient Ninevah, they dug up the cylinder of Sargon which records in detail, and beyond all peradventure, his incursion against the Jews. Then the learned historians believed it. *They would not believe the Bible; but they believed this cylindrical stone.* So history is catching up.

Distinguished physicians are now telling the mothers of the world that they will have to go back to the Mosaic code to discover how to properly care for their children. So science is catching up with the Bible.

Thousands of years ago *the Bible proclaimed Democracy the only proper form of government,*

under God as the only sovereign ruler. It spoke openly and strongly against temporal potentates, kings and princes; it denounced Imperialism in unmeasured terms. So that when the children of Israel came to the prophet Samuel demanding a king, that they might be like the Pagan nations around them, he plead with them against it; and he told them in the plainest language what would come of it. Indeed his historic words on that occasion read as if they had been penned by some specially inspired democratic statesman but yesterday. Yet for almost countless centuries the political economists of the world preached Imperialism, and even an apostate Ecclesiasticism vied with the kingdoms of this world in the interest of a human pope, a temporal potentate, an absolute autocrat, the very climax of imperialistic pretensions. So political science today is beginning to catch up with the Bible, the last empire but two (lorded over by two little islands) having disappeared from the face of the earth, the last remaining kings being but the mummies of a system that God denounced away back in Samuel's day, a system that God *permitted* but did *not* "ordain" in the popular sense of the term, and permitted because *He would not autocratically deny to men whom He had made free the thing which they wilfully insisted on having.*

Partnership and co-operation, as opposed to competition, was set forth by the Bible thousands of years ago as the only possible basis of social and industrial justice; and the world is just now beginning to awake to the fact that society must be put on

a partnership basis, that industry must be co-operative, that capital and labor must *share* both the profits and the responsibilities of industrial activities, that commercial competition is synonymous with commercial war, that such war is destructive and not constructive, and that *only in partnership and co-operation can the world have peace,* justice and satisfaction.

Less than twenty-five years ago "competition is the life of trade" was the universally accepted motto of the commercial world, which is now declaring on every hand that competition is the *death* of trade, the prolific source of industrial, social and spiritual decomposition, and that Commercialism must eliminate the "ism" and get together, or die by its own hand. Capital, therefore, has been organizing numberless "combinations" and so-called "trusts," and labor has been organizing fifty-seven or more varieties of "unions," "federations" and "brotherhoods." And most recently these two hostile camps have been openly and right ardently flirting with each other, by various signs and more or less clandestine conferences suggesting wedlock.

So industrial and social science is at last catching up with the Bible in a few of the essentials of life and liberty.

Perhaps the next step will be to *unconditional neighborliness,* community of spirit and interest, property and life, which Christianity has taught for nearly two thousand years, and which the Christian church at one time practiced, before Materialism so largely possessed it, before it fell for "the kingdoms

of this world and the glory of them," before it strayed from liberty into Legalism, from grace into force, from fidelity into politics; before the cross of Jesus was prostituted and became the criterion of temporal power and political empire; before that gracious cross was lined up with the "crescent" as a messenger of "fire and sword"—"In Hoc Signo Vinces," the battle-cry of a ruthless Commercialism, the shell hole of Hell!

But the world, therefore, will have first to learn that *a Christless "Communism" is a demoniacal debauch;* that "brotherhood" without Jesus is a faked mix of no value; that unions, federations, trusts, covenants and leagues with The Prince of Peace left out, are simply the alluring figurehead of a universal and destructive fiction, essential war camouflaged with fetching names and put under bond to the powers that prey. Government on any shoulders but His has demonstrated, not only its utter incompetency, but also its utterly sinister character and aims, from the very hour it repudiated God and set up for itself. *The Christ idea without the Christ is a deadly delusion and a destructive snare.*

The apostate world is beginning to see some things, however, and laggard science is catching up with the law of life laid down in the Word of God.

The Bible is the only book that is never out of date. The Bible is the only book that is always up to date. The Bible always leads, it goes before, in all things; it never follows. All of which can be said of no other book in human history. Therefore the Bible lives. Therefore should men consult it as

the court of last resort. Therefore should they know it more intimately, obey it more implicitly, pass it on more earnestly.

The Book of Books

That illustrious maker of great books, Sir Walter Scott, when on his death-bed, said to one who watched by his side, "Hand me the Book". "Which book," was the instant response. "There is but one Book", he replied.

Scott knew that "the statutes of the Lord are right." Man's statutes are not. The statutes of the state are not. The Bible is the only *righteous* book; and it is the most *authentic* of books. There is no such evidence that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet", or that Milton wrote "Paradise Lost", or that Scott wrote "Ivanhoe", as there is that Almighty God, by the hands of prophets, evangelists and apostles, wrote this Book of books.

The most *popular* book in the world today is the Bible; just as the most popular institution is the Christian church, and the most popular name is the name of JESUS. *If there is any other institution in the history of the human race that has brought such manifold blessing to the world as the Christian church, we openly challenge any man to mention it. If there is any other name in human history that will in any respect compare with the name of Jesus, we unhesitatingly challenge the world to point to it. If in the vast libraries of the race there is any other book that even approaches the grace and majesty of the Bible, we dare any man to make a laughing-stock of himself by producing it.*

The Bible is the *truest* of books. Learning and science, socalled, constantly confirm the truth of the sacred Scriptures. Every stroke of the archeologist's hammer, every thrust of the geologist's crowbar, the piercing eye of the strongest microscope and the far-seeing eye of the most powerful telescope, bring to light new evidence of their accuracy.

The Bible is right in *doctrine.* In its main issue it deals with man the sinner and Jesus Christ the Savior. *It is the only book with salvation in it.* It is the only book that points out a Way of life. Have the ages produced a man without sin? We challenge the world to tell us who he was. But who convicteth Jesus of sin? Let him who thinks he does stand forth and say it if he dare. As to His power to save, witness the personal testimony of ten thousand lepers, redeemed in our own day and generation.

The Bible is the only book that teaches men what *mercy* is, and that above all the barbaric terror of the times there is an infinite heart at the center of the universe. The vaunted new "Humanism" stands forth today the same old savage. The most *human* thing we know is falsely called "man's *in*humanity to man". *There is more mercy in the venomous fang of a rattlesnake, or in the vicious tooth of a hyena, or in the powerful paw of an African lion, than in the historic treatment by man of the unfortunate of his race where Christianity has not exerted a potent influence.* But God says, in the

personal words of His Eternal Son, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

The Bible is always right in its *effects;* and like fragrant flowers, it is always *appropriate.*

"The statues of the Lord are *right.*" The philosophies of man are *wrong.* In man's age-long yet vain search for a substitute for God and revealed truth, Confucianism has again been brought forward by some erratic souls, with considerable boast, as the noblest philosophy. Confucius was the founder of Chinese philosophy; and the best that can be said of Confucianism is China! Confucius was born 551 B. C.; and Confucianism has had China all to itself for twenty-five centuries. With what result the world now knows quite well. Man gets *no* where by idle negations. It is utterly useless for the human race to try to deliver itself from the abyss of sin with a rope of *nots* fastened at the other end to a wind-lass of words.

It is related of Confucius that, while on a journey, he was waylaid by a political enemy, who would not release him until he had promised that he would not proceed to his destination. When the philosopher was released, in spite of his promise, he continued his journey. Asked why he had broken his word, he replied, "It was a forced oath; the spirits do not hear such". Today, after two and a half millenniums, mendacity is universal among the many millions of China and Japan, who show no shame at being found out in a lie; truth is discounted as a childish canard; a man's word is not worth a willow whistle, and nobody can safely believe anybody or

anything; for they say that their great teacher was a liar, and that he taught that a lie that does no known evil is not wrong.

So much for Ism. *Ism is a lie, and the father of it.* Ism justifies falsehood. Its chief propaganda is untruth. It delights in deception and cultivates fraud. It everywhere teaches the Devilish doctrine that it is right to do wrong if no apparent harm comes of it, or if good may come of it. Infidelity has ever taught the same infamy. Robert G. Ingersoll taught it openly. Ism teaches that "the end justifies the means"; yet *no fair end has ever been attained by foul means.* To wit: the mendacious millions of Confucianism, the most backward, hopeless, helpless, deceitful, degraded, unreliable, lie-loving peoples among the great nations of the earth.

But *the Word of God stands foursquare for truth under any and all conditions and circumstances.* Therefore the Bible lives.

The Folly of Infidelity

Some years ago that dissolute scoffer, Ingersoll, declared in a public lecture that the Bible was an exploded book, that its sales were bound to fall off rapidly, and that within ten years it would be little read. Since then six great Bible houses have been established, and the sales of the Bible have been more than quadrupled. In a single year the American Bible Society alone issued more than 1,500,000 Bibles. The same year the British & Foreign Bible Society alone turned out more than 5,000,000 Bibles. *The total issues of that one year, of the English Bible alone, were more than 10,000,000*

complete copies, not including 20,00,000 copies of parts of the Book. This was greater than that of any one hundred of the most popular books combined. The Oxford Press of itself produces 20,000 Bibles a week. These require 40,000 sheets of gold just for lettering the volumes; and the skins of more than 100,000 animals go into the covers of the Oxford Bible every year. The several societies print the Bible in 500 different languages, reaching from pole to pole, and "from the river unto the ends of the earth", so that men continue to exclaim in Pentecostal amazement, "How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born; we do hear them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God".

And all this, nineteen centuries after date of original publication of the completed Book!—though it was foretold in a tiny kingdom lying off the eastern shore of the Mediterranean sea, by an inspired psalm-singer called David, more than ten centuries before Christ.

"The Bible is *the one uplifting book.* It is a living force. During all these centuries it has been the mightiest influence the world has known. We have it today; we are carrying it everywhere; and wherever it is, it clearly evidences the fact that it belongs to the present. It influences thought. It changes character. It shapes desire and destiny. Cast the Bible into corrupt, fickle, treacherous, selfish, pleasure-loving Greece, or into the stern, merciless heart of iron Rome, and immediately there is a change. A new humanity appears. Out of that life men and

women spring up who are tender, pitiful, loving God and man; rejoicing in truth and holiness; bearing the burdens of the weak; sorrowing with the sorrowful; abiding with the stricken, from whose presence all others flee away. We recognize in these Bible-loving and Bible-moulded men and women the long-lost sons and daughters of God."

"In less than a hundred years," said the rabid Voltaire, "Christianity will be swept from existence, will pass into history". Infidelity ran riot in France, red-handed and impious. A century and more has passed. *Voltaire has passed into history, and not very decent history either; but Christianity still lives.*

Tom Paine also demolished the Bible, finished it off finally. But after he dropped into a drunkard's grave in 1809 the Book took such a leap that since his time more than twenty times as many Bibles have been made and scattered through the world as ever were before, altogether, since the creation of man.

What fools these mortals be!

Therefore, what "saith the Lord"? For "all scripture is given by inspiration of God". *This is God's Book.* God is its author. Forty or fifty men would never have written such a Book, except under Divine direction and control. Their book would have been a smoother, softer book; a book with less outspoken, rounded-out truth in it; a book without any seeming "discrepancies", or "inconsistencies", or "mistakes" in it. It would have been an easy-flowing and "consistent" narrative concealing much more than it revealed.

There is a consistency of testimony that is always suspicious, that immediately suggests collusion, careful rehearsal in some dark corner; and there is an apparent disagreement of testimony that immediately suggests and gives assurance of sincerity, honesty, frankness and truth. *If men wrote the Bible, on their own initiative, by and of themselves, and for their own account, they wrote their own doom,* an open and fearful indictment of themselves, their friends, disciples and heroes. *Uninspired men,* men just as they are, speaking of and for themselves, without direct dictation from on high, not moved by the Holy Spirit, *have never written any such thing since time first was.* They would not and could not do it, though selected from the world's greatest and best, and shut up for forty years or more together in one place under the most favorable conditions.

But in the Bible there are sixty-six books, produced from time to time during a period of sixteen centuries, by forty or fifty different authors, widely scattered geographically, representing various stations and walks of life—kings, farmers, the most distinguished scholars and the most illiterate fishermen, of different nationalities, races, tastes and surroundings, lawyers and lawmakers, publicans and Pharisees, shepherds and physicians, rich and poor, the social leader and the social outcast, illustrious warriors and the followers of the arts of peace, powerful politicians and obscure artisans—in the Bible these sixty-six books are finally brought together into one compact, consistent volume, with one idea of God, sin, immortality, and salvation by faith

thru the blood atonement of the Son of God, running all through it—a volume that all the principalities and powers of earth and Hell, by frontal attacks and insidious flanking movements, by ridicule, sarcasm, and sinister schemes of "sapping" and submarining, by bonfires, secular and ecclesiastical interdicts, and threats of torture and death, have not been able to pick to pieces or destroy in nineteen centuries. Never has a book excited such fierce and fiendish animosity —*yet the Bible lives!*

"What a book!" exclaims Heinrich Heine, the licentious infidel and brilliant critic, "vast and wide as the world; rooted in the abysses of creation and towering up into the blue secrets of heaven; sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, the whole drama of humanity, all in this book!" It was the rationalistic Ewald who said to Dean Stanley, "In this book is all the wisdom of the world". Sir Isaac Newton testified, "We account the Scriptures the most sublime philosophy". Even that wild and erratic yet erudite skeptic Rousseau remarked, "I must confess the majesty of the Scriptures astonishes me". The distinguished infidel-evolutionist Thomas Huxley (he of the "primordial protoplasm") admitted openly, yet with the most complacent self-conceit, that he had been "seriously perplexed to know how the religious feeling, which is the essential base of all conduct, could be kept up without the use of the Bible". Charles Dudley Warner wrote frankly, "A boy or girl in college, in the presence of tasks set for either to master, without a fair knowledge of the Bible, is an ignoramus, and is disadvantaged ac-

cordingly. It is in itself almost a liberal education, as many great masters in literature have testified. It has so entered into law, literature, thought—the whole modern life of the Christian world—that ignorance of it is a most serious disadvantage to the student". Bishop Wordsworth found in Shakespeare alone at least 550 references to the Scriptures. And the esteemed Matthew Arnold said, *"To the Bible men will return because they cannot do without it;* the true God is, and must be preeminently, the God of the Bible."

The Essential Strength of Revealed Truth

All of which is very fine and true. Yet most of these noted men have not been honest enough to tell the world *why* these fine things are true. It is likely they all *knew* why, not perfectly perhaps, but quite well enough. With all their learning and scholarly attainments, however, their wit and wisdom, the extent to which they were dominated by pure perversity and prejudice is at least conspicuous. *Skepticism always is perverse. Infidelity always is dishonest.* And it is significant, too, that the historic enemies of Christianity, the aggressive critics of the Bible, the brilliant infidels of the world, have almost invariably been men of the most dissolute character, drunken, licentious and profane, brutal at home and abroad, a scandal to their friends, untrue to their most sacred social obligations, sacrilegious, false to their own convictions, and traitors to their native land.

The real secret of the Bible, of its staying power, of its acceptance among all races and among all classes, is not found in any of the more or less superficial and comparatively unimportant facts and circumstances above related—not in its excellence as literature, not in the sublime poetry of Job and Isaiah, not in the incomparable histories of the Pentateuch, not in the matchless Proverbs from the pen of the illustrious Solomon, not in the charming love story of the Song of Songs, not even in the lofty ethics of its Mosaic Law and its Sermon on the Mount.

It has become a dominant world-book because it is the Word of God, the Word of Divine Authority, and because, as such, it reveals an all-sufficient Redeemer as *"the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."* It is what it is in human experience because it makes the love, holiness and justice of God known to lost men, unlovely, unholy and unjust, in the person and work of God's Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; because it brings to the troubled conscience the "peace of God which passeth all understanding"; because it leads believers into a fulness of joy and satisfaction that can not be found elsewhere; because it displaces despair with a glorious hope by the "resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead"; because it has given to the world, with all their human faults and limitations, by far the noblest and best men and women, the highest type of manhood and womanhood, the world has ever known; because it presents to its faithful confessors "an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the

righteous", whose advocacy at the bar of Divine Justice has never lost a case; because, through the blood of Calvary's cross, it shows man a Way of eternal Light and Life in the midst of the sepuchural darkness of sin and death.

It is to *the blood atonement of the crucified Son of God* that the Bible owes its attractiveness and power, a full and free salvation to all believers; and in the last issue it is nothing but this that has captivated countless thousands of worshippers, brought them boldly and joyously to its efficacious mercy-seat, without any other mediation than that they have in Him, *without any interloping, pay-as-you-enter scheme of hierarchical heresy and graft.*

"Know thyself," said the ancient philosopher. "Know God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent," says Christianity. It is impossible for a man to know himself until he knows God. His knowledge of himself is a comparative thing; and it concerns his past, not only to the hour of his birth, but on back through his most ancient ancestry up to the moment of his creation and the footstool of his Father's throne. It also concerns his future; not only to the gateway of his tomb, but on to the utmost bound of his eternal destiny. When he can say with Job, "I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee", then and then only will he know himself and cry aloud, "wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes". Otherwise he cannot realize his utter untrustworthiness, his utter selfishness, his utter sin, and his complete impotency when it comes to the essential matter of

his personal salvation, a way of escape from an accusing conscience, and justification in the presence of conscious and inescapeable judgment, *when he shall receive the just dues he wished for and lived for.* What man needs, therefore, is "to know *God*". He knew God once. He does *not* know God now. And God cannot be known to him, effectually, except in the person, word and work of His only begotten Son. "No man hath seen the Father at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

"What a word is this! for with authority and power he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out." And "what manner of man is this! for he commandeth even the winds and the water, and they obey him".

What, then, does *God* say about it? Witness the testimony of revelation. THUS SAITH THE LORD: "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord".

But some will say, How shall this thing be? Thou foolish one; the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and well they know that "in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength". Force? No; not that. *There is no strength in force;* a little child shall lead it. Gravitation holds the material earth in place with its socalled mighty grip; but a toy balloon, released by baby's hand, successfully defies it, and sails away. The massive, deep-seated rocks of the volcanic mountain are utterly incapable of withstanding the processes of disintegration as God plays His sunshine and rain upon them. *Force is a fool's*

fiction. Even man himself, amid all his limitations, lays his hand upon the tremendous thunderbolt, binds it with a tiny wire, makes it obey his human will, illuminate his home and drive the wheels of his invention. *There is no might in Militarism. The boasted strength of battleships is a silly snare.* The power of princes is a passing mist. A horse is a vain thing for safety. The wisdom of the world is dishwater. The passionate pursuit of temporal empire is a positive yet petty pestilence. The pretentious machinations of man are a mendacious yet mediocre mockery.

But His cross shall stand as long as the sun and moon endure. For "he shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: like showers that water the earth. In *his* days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth. And men shall be blessed *in him:* all nations shall call *him* blessed. For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

This is what *God* says. And *what God says settles it. What man says unsettles it.* Ernst Heinrich Haeckel's "riddle of the universe" is solved in five familiar letters: J-E-S-U-S—letters found only in the alphabet of Truth, an alphabet that the learned Haeckel never learned. Let wars wage on, let tumults rage, let strifes rend and Ism seek to disrupt and scatter the very elect; let heresy hiss and hireling Criticism raise the censorious standards of its imbecility; let a false science sneer and the blatant billows of a bumptious Scholasticism cast their accumulated scum of centuries into the faces of the

redeemed; let the storm fiend scream and scoff and scowl; let disdainful Skepticism publish its libels, cowardice crawl into its kennel, and infidelity continue to feed upon the fleshpots of an idolatrous Materialism—*God says it; and that settles it!*

Therefore should His children believe it, work and pray for it, press on in spite of adverse criticism, active opposition and pessimistic prophecy, seek the constant aid of God's Holy Spirit, plan largely and liberally, present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is their reasonable service, profit by the experience of the past, catch the inspirations of the future, seize the opportunities of today, give God what they have, however little, however much, "redeeming the time, because the days are evil"; for THE LORD OF HOSTS HATH SPOKEN IT.

The Ever Present Jesus

Shall they idly wait till Jesus comes? Shall they complacently shirk the responsibility and let *Him* do it? May they find excuse for their failure by falsely saying that God intended it should be so? Has God's Word failed? Is the power of God now palsied? Has the Holy Spirit fallen down on His job? Have the means of grace proved ineffectual? Has the Almighty reversed Himself, and is He now willing that many should perish and that only a few should come to repentance? To every question: No! Then what is the matter? This is the matter: *Jesus sent His followers into the world to be fishers of men, and instead they have become fishers of money;* they

have bowed the knee to Baal; they have gone into the corrupt politics of the kingdoms of carnality; the idolatrous lust of earthly empire has possessed them; they have allowed themselves to become the willing worshippers of an infamous Materialism.

Therefore, leaving it to the theologian to tell us whence Christ came, and to the sign-seeking busybody to tell us when He will come again, the *fact* remains that He is *here.*

His disciples have belittled this fact; they have belittled it far more than they have belittled the fact of His second coming, or the fact of His first coming.

The minds of most of them have been almost entirely preoccupied with the *historic* Christ. The minds of many of them have been almost entirely preoccupied with the *prophetic* Christ. And all of them have more or less neglected the fact of the *actual* Christ, *in their midst, now;* as He said, "lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The theologian continues to revel in history and historicity.

The pre-millennialist continues to revel in prophecy.

And both of them fail when they forget that the cows must be fed, the fields ploughed, the pies put in the oven—and that *the human race is a reenforced concrète fact fallen into a pit,* hungry and forsaken, pilfered and exploited by "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience; among whom also we

all had our conversation (*"anestraphemen"*—had the turning of ourselves, or "our overturn") in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires (wills) of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." Both of them fail when they forget that *what the human race wants, right or wrong, however worthy or degraded the desire, is a present, practical helper in its time of need.*

What does the *world* care for the dissertations of dogmatic theology? What does the *world* care for the speculations of prophecy? What does the *world* care for the Christ of yesterday? What does *it* care for the Christ of tomorrow? Criticize it as we will for living within such contracted horizons, the *fact* remains that it lives in the present and for the present. With all its boast of principality and power, its kingdom is restricted to today. Its kingdom is bounded on the east by this morning's sunrise, and on the west by this evening's sunset, on the south by the cornfield of Materialism, and on the north by six feet of breathing space. And if we meet it at all we must meet it where we find it, where it is in fact, not where it should be in theory; we must meet it in its own shut-in surroundings, in the little circle of its own selfish limitations. We must meet it among the tombs. We must meet it in the cornfield. We must meet it today. And we must meet it with what its present needs seem to *it* to demand.

It is folly to berate it for its folly. We face the fact that "this is a desert place, and the time is now past"; and it is Ism only that says, "Send the multi-

tude *away,* that they may go into the *villages,* and *buy* themselves victuals." Christianity says to its disciples, "They need not depart; *give* ye them to eat." *Alas, that for such a time and place as this the larder should be empty of everything but an historic catechism and some prophetic speculations!* Is it any wonder that this world under these circumstances and conditions curses creeds, however excellent and truthful?

It spurns history. It scorns prophecy. *It calls for present protection, and for something to eat.* It comes back to its Father's house, if it comes at all, because it is perishing with hunger, and because of some awakening consciousness that in its Father's house there is immediate satisfaction for its immediate needs.

What a miserable motive! Yet must that motive be met as the Father met it, a great way off, running out to it, falling on its neck with many kisses, taking it by the hand, and leading it home.

Not to some *historic* home. Not to some *prophetic* home. But to an *actual* home, a *present* home, *a home whose bounteous board is spread with substantial facts, not with gilt-edged prospects.*

We condemn the motive. Jesus personally embraced it. And *He delivered the goods.* But His disciples, lacking the goods, *seek a way of escape from their outstanding failure by haloed maledictions on the motive.* If they took account of stock today would they find they had less than a certain stray lad caught in the crowd with "five barley loaves (crackers) and two small fishes," scarcely

a lunch for one rather than a meal for a multitude —for "What are they among so many?" How little faith would they find in the larder, how little love and devotion, how little unselfishness and zeal?

Nevertheless shall all the earth "be filled with the glory of the Lord," for *He is here to make up the lacking measure of our insufficiency with His own Divine fullness.* Therefore "make them sit down," now; and feed them, even in the midst of the desert, and notwithstanding the fact that the day is far spent. Tarry not till He come again in His glorified body to rule the earth in millennial grace and goodness. Do it *now!*

When He shall come again the writer does not know, and in spite of every pretension no one else knows. Moreover the writer does not care to know. It is not his business to know. *This is God's business.* And he does not feel inclined to shift responsibility, to turn his back upon present facts and opportunities, to leave the starving, plundered multitudes and go off star-gazing and sign-seeking, or to be a curious busybody in matters that God has expressly reserved to Himself alone. It is sufficient to know that Jesus is *here now,* in desire and sympathy, in His power and Providence, in the person of His Holy Spirit, in the effectual truth of His inspired Word, in unnumbered mercies and means of grace.

The Christian's interest is in the foretold and assured *fact* of the prevalence of Christ's Kingdom, not in times and seasons; for Jesus Himself said, "it is not for you to know the times or the seasons,

which the Father hath put in his own power." The Christian's interest is in laying earnest hold upon all the divinely appointed means at his disposal, and not to declare them impotent and ineffectual; in order that, under God, he may help to bring the foretold fact to pass as speedily as possible, without resorting to idle speculations, or *vain disputations calculated only to satisfy curiosity and mollify itching ears.* On the contrary he "goes to it" as if all depended on *his* faith, fortitude, loyalty and zeal, conscious of the fact that his gracious Lord, who will come again in His glorified body, is *with him now.* This is sufficient.

THE FINAL VICTORY OF FAITH

By the pestilence as much as by the violence of the insurrection, the British garrison at Lucknow had been reduced to the last extremity. The wrath of disease and the ferocity of war had thinned its ranks and filled the hearts of its loyal but exhausted remnant with despair. The multitudinous regiments of the enemy, well supplied and fanatical with the success that had accompanied the rebellion, were pressing hard on its last refuge. The situation represented the very climax of distress. Outside that small and beleaguered company there was no eye to pity. There was no arm to save. There was no commanding voice to quicken and inspire, no word to chill the oncoming courage of the revolutionists. Hope had fled. An anguish of fear was in every breast. A languishing cry to Heaven for

deliverance trembled on every lip. And, then, in breathless resignation, they waited, with their wives and children, for the apparently inevitable and bitter end.

It is related that in that pitiful circle of despondence a Scotch lassie lay tossing on the hot pillow of her fevered cot, her wasted features flushed with the last delirious struggle for life. Suddenly she started up, seemed to be listening intently, while a lustrous gleam lightened her sunken eyes. "Hist!" she whispered with a strained intensity that immediately caught the ear of the weary watchers at her side. "They're a-comin'—they're a-comin'," she said; "dinna y' hear 'em? dinna y' hear 'em?"—And she fell back exhausted.

Presently she started again: "They're a-comin'—they're a-comin'; dinna y' hear 'em?—dinna y' hear the bagpipes?"

As the morning breaketh, that night they came. The mightily marshaled legions of a great empire, with colors flying, and the highland bagpipes filling the very air with the thrill of victory, burst through the gradually closing circles of infidel Fanaticism and wrought a miraculous deliverance.

Thus today the fevered ear of faltering faith may yet hear the sound of familiar music from the distant Fatherland, and the trained tramp of the countless cohorts of the skies, as the Truth goes marching on. "They're a-comin'!" The eye of faith, however dimmed by the pestilential wastes of the frightful wilderness of a mendacious Materialism, may yet see the myriad helmets of salvation, the breast-

plates of righteousness, and the Sword of the Spirit, glittering in the sunrise of God's good purpose. "They're a-comin'! They're a-comin'!" The numberless armies of the redeemed to the rescue! "Dinna y' hear 'em? Dinna y' hear 'em?" The rumble of the chariot wheels of grace in the tops of the mountains. The rustle of the multitudes of Divine mercy in the tree-tops of the forest. Behold "the Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle. They come from a far country, from the end of heaven, even the Lord, and the weapons of his indignation."—"Dinna y' hear 'em?"

"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem. Sing together ye waste places. For the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads"; and

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run,
> His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore
> Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

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MEN Come and Go;
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Science Struts and Stumbles;
Nations Flourish and Vanish;
The Pomp of Empire
Is a Passing Mist;
Pretentious Babels Crumble
Into Pestilential Dust;
But

THE CROSS
STILL STANDS!